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A HISTORY

OF

NEW-YORK,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

TO THE END OF THE

DUTCH DYNASTY.

CONTAINING

among many Surprising and Curious Matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of WALTER THE DOUBTER, the Disastrous Projects of WILLIAM THE TESTY, and the chivalric achievements of PETER THE HEADSTRONG, the three Dutch Governors of NEW-AMSTERDAM; being the only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published.

The Second Edition with Alterations.

BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HISTORY

OF

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BOOK V.

Containing the first part of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant and his troubles with the Amphyctionic Council.

CHAP. I.

In which the death of a great man is shewn to be no very inconsolable matter of sorrow—and how Peter Stuyvesant acquired a great name from the uncommon strength of his head.

To a profound philosopher, like myself, who am apt to see clear through a subject, where the penetration of ordinary people extends but half way, there is no fact more simple and manifest, than that the death of a great man, is a matter of very little importance. Much as we may think of ourselves, and much as we may excite the empty plaudits of the million, it is certain that the greatest among us do actually fill but a exceeding small space in the world; and it is equal

certain, that even that ſmall ſpace is quickly ſupplied, when we leave it vacant. "Of what conſequence is it," ſaid the elegant Pliny, "that individuals appear, or make their exit? the world is a theatre whoſe ſcenes and actors are continually changing." Never did philoſopher ſpeak more correctly, and I only wonder, that ſo wiſe a remark could have exiſted ſo many ages, and mankind not have laid it more to heart. Sage follows on in the footſteps of ſage; one hero juſt ſteps out of his triumphal car, to make way for the hero who comes after him; and of the proudeſt monarch it is merely ſaid, that—"he ſlept with his fathers, and his ſucceſſor reigned in his ſtead."

The world, to tell the private truth, cares but little for their loſs, and if left to itſelf would ſoon forget to grieve; and though a nation has often been figuratively drowned in tears on the death of a great man, yet it is ten chances to one if an individual tear has been ſhed on the occaſion, excepting from the forlorn pen of ſome hungry author. It is the hiſtorian, the biographer, and the poet, who have the whole burden of grief to ſuſtain; who—kind ſouls!—like undertakers in England, act the part of chief mourners—who inflate a nation with ſighs it never heaved, and deluge it with tears, it never dreamt of ſhedding. Thus, while the patriotic author is weeping and howling, in proſe, in blank verſe, and in rhyme, and collecting the drops of public ſorrow into his volume, as into a lachyrmal vaſe, it is more than probable his fel-

low-citizens are eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, as utterly ignorant of the bitter lamentations made in their name, as are thoſe men of ſtraw, John Doe, and Richard Roe, of the plaintiffs for whom they are generouſly pleaſed on divers occaſions to become ſureties.

The moſt glorious and praiſe-worthy hero that ever deſolated nations, might have mouldered into oblivion among the rubbiſh of his own monument, did not ſome hiſtorian take him into favour, and benevolently tranſmit his name to poſterity—and much as the valiant William Kieft worried, and buſtled, and turmoiled, while he had the deſtinies of a whole colony in his hand, I queſtion ſeriouſly, whether he will not be obliged to this authentic hiſtory, for all his future celebrity.

His exit occaſioned no convulſion in the city of New-Amſterdam, or its vicinity: the earth trembled not, neither did any ſtars ſhoot from their ſpheres—the heavens were not ſhrowded in black, as poets would fain perſuade us they have been, on the unfortunate death of a hero—the rocks (hard hearted varlets!) melted not into tears, nor did the trees hang their heads in ſilent ſorrow, and as to the ſun, he laid abed the next night, juſt as long, and ſhewed as jolly a face when he aroſe, as he ever did on the ſame day of the month in any year, either before or ſince. The good people of New-Amſterdam, one and all, declared that he had been a very buſy, active, buſtling little

governor; that he was "the father of his country"—that he was "the nobleſt work of God"—that "he was a man, take him for all in all, they never ſhould look upon his like again"—together with ſundry other civil and affectionate ſpeeches that are regularly ſaid on the death of all great men; after which they ſmoked their pipes, thought no more about him, and Peter Stuyveſant ſucceeded to his ſtation.

Peter Stuyveſant was the laſt, and like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, he was alſo the beſt, of our ancient Dutch governors. Wouter having ſurpaſſed all who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was ſociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any ſucceſſor. He was in fact the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the deſperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, thoſe moſt potent, immaculate and unrelenting of all ancient and immortal ſpinſters, deſtined them to inextricable confuſion.

To ſay merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injuſtice—he was in truth a combination of heroes—for he was of a ſturdy, raw boned make like Ajax Telamon, ſo famous for his proweſs in belabouring the little Trojans—with a pair of round ſhoulders, that Hercules would have given his hide for, (meaning his lion's hide) when he undertook to eaſe old Atlas of his load. He was moreover, as Plutarch deſcribes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the

force of his arm, but likewiſe of his voice, which ſounded as though it came out of a barrel; and like the ſelf ſame warrior, he poſſeſſed a ſovereign contempt for the ſovereign people, and an iron aſpect, which was enough of itſelf to make the very bowels of his adverſaries quake with terror and diſmay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpreſſibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am ſurpriſed that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes, for it is worth all the ſcars and wounds in the Iliad and Eneid, or Lucan's Pharſalia into the bargain. This was nothing leſs than a redoubtable wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained, in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was ſo proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed ſo highly did he eſteem it, that he had it gallantly enchaſed and relieved with ſilver devices, which cauſed it to be related in divers hiſtories and legends that he wore a ſilver leg.*

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was ſomewhat ſubject to extempore burſts of paſſion, which were oft-times rather unpleaſant to his favourites and attendants, whoſe perceptions he was apt to

* See the hiſtories of Maſters Jeandya and Blome.

quicken, after the manner of his illuſtrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their ſhoulders with his walking ſtaff.

But the reſemblance for which I moſt value him was that which he bore in many particulars to the renowned Charlemagne. Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Ariſtotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine, yet did he ſometimes manifeſt a ſhrewdneſs and ſagacity in his meaſures, that one would hardly expect from a man, who did not know Greek, and had never ſtudied the Ancients. True it is, and I confeſs it with ſorrow, that he had an unreaſonable averſion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the ſimpleſt manner—but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philoſophers ancient and modern to aſſiſt and perplex him. I muſt likewiſe own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that thoſe few were rigidly and impartially enforced—and I do not know but juſtice on the whole, was as well adminiſtered, as if there had been volumes of page acts and ſtatutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverſe of his predeceſſors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor reſtleſs and fidgetting, like William the Teſty; but a man, or rather a governor, of ſuch uncommon activity and deciſion of mind that he never

ſought or accepted the advice of others; depending confidently upon his ſingle head, as did the heroes of yore upon their ſingle arms, to work his way through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the ſimple truth, he wanted no other requiſite for a perfect ſtateſman, than to think always right, for no one can deny that he always acted as he thought; and if he wanted in correctneſs, he made up for it in perſeverance—An excellent quality! ſince it is ſurely more dignified for a ruler to be perſevering and conſiſtent in error, than wavering and contradictory, in endeavouring to do what is right; this much is certain, and it is a maxim worthy the attention of all legiſlators, both great and ſmall, who ſtand ſhaking in the wind, without knowing which way to ſteer—a ruler who acts according to his own will is ſure of pleaſing himſelf, while he who ſeeks to ſatisfy the wiſhes and whims of others, runs a great riſk of pleaſing nobody. The clock that ſtands ſtill, and points ſteadfaſtly in one direction, is certain of being right twice in the four and twenty hours—while others may keep going continually, and continually be going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous virtue eſcape the diſcernment of the good people of Nieuw-Nederlandts; on the contrary, ſo high an opinion had they of the independent mind and vigorous intellects of their new governor, that they univerſally called him *Hard-koppig Piet*, or PETER THE HEADSTRONG—a great compliment to his underſtanding!

If from all that I have ſaid thou doſt not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyveſant was a tough, ſturdy, valiant, weatherbeaten, mettleſome, obſtinate, leathernſided, lion hearted, generous ſpirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpoſe, or thou art very dull at drawing concluſions.

This moſt excellent governor, whoſe character I have thus attempted feebly to delineate, commenced his adminiſtration on the 29th of May, 1647; a remarkably ſtormy day, diſtinguiſhed in all the almanacks of the time which have come down to us, by the name of *Windy Friday*. As he was very jealous of his perſonal and official dignity, he was inaugurated into office with great ceremony; the goodly oaken chair of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller being carefully preſerved for ſuch occaſions, in like manner as the chair and ſtone were reverentially preſerved at Schone in Scotland, for the coronation of the Caledonian monarchs.

I muſt not omit to mention, that the tempeſtuous ſtate of the elements, together with its being that unlucky day of the week, termed "hanging day," did not fail to excite much grave ſpeculation, and divers very reaſonable apprehenſions among the more ancient and enlightened inhabitants; and ſeveral of the ſager ſex, who were reputed to be not a little ſkilled in the myſteries of aſtrology and fortune telling, did declare outright, that they were omens of a diſaſtrous adminiſtration—an event that came to be

lamentibly verified, and which proves, beyond diſpute, the wiſdom of attending to thoſe preternatural intimations, furniſhed by dreams and viſions, the flying of birds, falling of ſtones, and cackling of geeſe, on which the ſages and rulers of ancient times placed ſuch reliance—or to thoſe ſhootings of ſtars, eclipſes of the moon, howlings of dogs, and flarings of candles, carefully noted and interpreted by the oracular ſybils of our day; who, in my humble opinion, are the legitimate inheritors and preſervers of the ancient ſcience of divination. This much is certain, that governor Stuyveſant ſucceeded to the chair of ſtate at a turbulent period; when foes thronged and threatened from without; when anarchy and ſtiff necked oppoſition reigned rampant within; when the authority of their high mightineſſes the lords ſtates general, though founded on the broad Dutch bottom of unoffending imbecility; though ſupported by economy, and defended by ſpeeches, proteſts, proclamations, yet tottered to its very centre; and when the great city of New-Amſterdam, though fortified by flagſtaffs, trumpeters and windmills, ſeemed like ſome fair lady of eaſy virtue, to lay open to attack, and ready to yield to the firſt invader.

CHAP. II.

Shewing how Peter the Headstrong bestirred himself among the rats and cobwebs on entering into office—and the perilous mistake he was guilty of, in his dealings with the Amphyctions.

THE very first movements of the great Peter, on taking the reins of government, displayed the magnanimity of his mind, though they occasioned not a little marvel and uneasiness among the people of the Manhattoes. Finding himself constantly interrupted by the opposition, and annoyed by the sage advice of his privy council, the members of which had acquired the unreasonable habit of thinking and speaking for themselves during the preceding reign; he determined at once to put a stop to such grievous abominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered upon his authority, than he turned out of office all those meddlesome spirits that composed the factious cabinet of William the Testy, in place of whom he chose unto himself counsellors from those fat, somniferous, respectable families, that had flourished and slumbered under the easy reign of Walter the Doubter. All these he caused to be furnished with abundance of fair long pipes, and to be regaled with frequent corporation dinners, admonishing them to smoke and eat and sleep for the good of the nation, while he took

all the burden of government upon his own ſhoulders —an arrangement to which they all gave hearty acquieſcence.

Nor did he ſtop here, but made a hideous rout among the inventions and expedients of his learned predeceſſor—demoliſhing his flagſtaffs and windmills, which, like mighty giants, guarded the ramparts of New-Amſterdam—pitching to the duyvel whole batteries of quaker guns—rooting up his patent gallows, where caitiff vagabonds were ſuſpended by the waiſtband, and in a word, turning topſy-turvy the whole philoſophic, economic, and windmill ſyſtem of the immortal ſage of Saardam.

The honeſt folk of New-Amſterdam began to quake now for the fate of their matchleſs champion Antony the trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favour in the eyes of the women, by means of his whiſkers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headſtrong cauſe to be brought into his preſence, and eyeing him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled any thing elſe than a founder of braſs—"Prythee, who and what art thou?" ſaid he,—"Sire," replied the other, in no wiſe diſmayed,—"for my name, it is Antony Van Corlear—for my parentage, I am the ſon of my mother—for my profeſſion, I am champion and garriſon of this great city of New-Amſterdam."—"I doubt me much," ſaid Peter Stuyveſant, "that thou art ſome ſcurvy coſtard-monger knave—how didſt thou acquire this paramour

honour and dignity?"—"Marry sir," replied the other, "like many a great man before me, simply *by sounding my own trumpet.*"—"Aye, is it so?" quoth the governor, "why then let us have a relish of thy art." Whereupon he put his instrument to his lips and sounded a charge, with such a tremendous outset, such a delectable quaver, and such a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make your heart leap out of your mouth only to be within a mile of it. Like as a war-worn charger, while sporting in peaceful plains, if by chance he hear the strains of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts and paws and kindles at the noise, so did the heroic soul of the mighty Peter joy to hear the clangour of the trumpet; for of him might truly be said what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England, "there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons." Casting his eyes more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jolly, fat little man, shrewd in his discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending, and alarming the city, ever after retained him about his person, as his chief favourite, confidential envoy and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the

governor while at his repaſts, as did the minſtrels of yore in the days of glorious chivalry—and on all public occaſions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial ſpirit.

Many other alterations and reformations, both for the better and for the worſe, did the governor make, of which my time will not ſerve me to record the particulars; ſuffice it to ſay, he ſoon contrived to make the province feel that he was its maſter, and treated the ſovereign people with ſuch tyrannical rigour, that they were all fain to hold their tongues, ſtay at home and attend to their buſineſs; inſomuch that party feuds and diſtinctions were almoſt forgotten, and many thriving keepers of taverns and dram-ſhops, were utterly ruined for want of buſineſs.

Indeed the critical ſtate of public affairs at this time demanded the utmoſt vigilance and promptitude. The formidable council of the Amphyctions, which had cauſed ſo much tribulation to the unfortunate Kieft, ſtill continued augmenting its forces, and threatened to link within its union all the mighty principalities and powers of the eaſt. In the very year following the inauguration of governor Stuyveſant a grand deputation departed from the city of Providence (famous for its duſty ſtreets and beauteous women,) in behalf of the puiſſant plantation

of Rhode Iſland, praying to be admitted into the league.

The following mention is made of this application in certain records of that aſſemblage of worthies, which are ſtill extant.*

"Mr. Will Cottington and captain Partridg of Rhoode Iland preſented this inſewing requeſt to the commiſſioners in wrighting——

"Our requeſt and motion is in behalfe of Rhoode-Iland, that wee the Ilanders of Rhoode-Iland may be reſcauied into combination with all the united colonyes of New-England in a firme and perpetuall league of friendſhip and amity of ofence and defence, mutuall advice and ſuccor upon all juſt occaſions for our mutuall ſafety and wellfaire, &c.

Will Cottington,
Alicxſander Patridg."

There is certainly ſomething in the very phyſiognomy of this document, that might well inſpire apprehenſion. The name of Alexander, however miſſpelt, has been warlike in every age, and though its fierceneſs is in ſome meaſure ſoftened by being coupled with the gentle cognomen of Partridge, ſtill like the colour of ſcarlet, it bears an exceeding great reſemblance to the ſound of a trumpet. From the ſtyle of the letter, moreover, and the ſoldierlike ig-

* Haz. Col. Stat. pap.

nonance of orthography displayed by the noble captain Alicxſander Partridg in ſpelling his own name, we may picture to ourſelves this mighty man of Rhodes, like a ſecond Ajax, ſtrong in arms, potent in the field, and as great a ſcholar as though he had been educated among that learned people of Thrace, who, Ariſtotle aſſures us, could not count beyond the number four.

But whatever might be the threatening aſpect of this famous confederation, Peter Stuyveſant was not a man to be kept in a ſtate of incertitude and vague apprehenſion; he liked nothing ſo much as to meet danger face to face, and take it by the beard. Determined, therefore, to put an end to all theſe petty maraudings on the borders, he wrote two or three categorical letters to the grand council; which, though neither couched in bad latin, nor yet graced by rhetorical tropes about wolves and lambs, and beetle flies, yet had more effect than all the elaborate epiſtles, proteſts and proclamations of his learned predeceſſor, put together. In conſequence of his urgent propoſitions, the great confederacy of the eaſt agreed to enter into a final adjuſtment of grievances and ſettlement of boundaries, to the end that a perpetual and happy peace might take place between the two powers. For this purpoſe governor Stuyveſant deputed two ambaſſadors to negotiate with commiſſioners from the grand council of the league, and a treaty was ſolemnly concluded at Hartford. On receiving intelligence

this event, the whole community was in an uproar of exultation. The trumpet of the ſturdy Van Corlear ſounded all day with joyful clangour from the ramparts of Fort Amſterdam, and at night the city was magnificiently illuminated with two hundred and fifty tallow candles; beſides a barrel of tar, which was burnt before the governor's houſe, on the cheering aſpect of public affairs.

And now my worthy reader is, doubtleſs, like the great and good Peter, congratulating himſelf with the idea, that his feelings will no longer be moleſted by afflicting details of ſtolen horſes, broken heads, impounded hogs; and all the other catalogue of heart-rending cruelties, that diſgraced theſe border wars. But if he ſhould indulge in ſuch expectations, it is a proof that he is but little verſed in the paradoxical ways of cabinets; to convince him of which, I ſolicit his ſerious attention to my next chapter, wherein I will ſhow that Peter Stuyveſant has already committed a great error in politics; and by effecting a peace, has materially jeopardized the tranquillity of the province.

CHAP. III.

Containing divers speculations on war and negotiations—showing that a treaty of peace is a great national evil.

It was the opinion of that poetical philoſopher, Lucretius, that war was the original ſtate of man; whom he deſcribed as being primitively a ſavage beaſt of prey, engaged in a conſtant ſtate of hoſtility with his own ſpecies, and that this ferocious ſpirit was tamed and ameliorated by ſociety. The ſame opinion has been advocated by the learned Hobbes,* nor have there been wanting many other philoſophers to admit and defend it.

For my part, though prodigiouſly fond of theſe valuable ſpeculations, ſo complimentary to human nature, yet, in this inſtance, I am inclined to take the propoſition by halves, believing with Horace,† that though war may have been originally the favourite amuſement and induſtrious employment of our progenitors, yet, like many other excellent habits, ſo far from being ameliorated, it has been cultivated and

* Hobbe's Leviathan. Part. i. chap. 13.

† Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.
Hor. Sat. L. i. S. 3.

confirmed by refinement and civilization, and encreaſes in exact proportion as we approach towards that ſtate of perfection, which is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philoſophy.

The firſt conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of phyſical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fiſt was his mace, and a broken head the cataſtrophe of his encounters. The battle of unaſſiſted ſtrength, was ſucceeded by the more rugged one of ſtones and clubs, and war aſſumed a ſanguinary aſpect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his ſenſibilities became more exquiſite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced, in the art of murdering his fellow beings. He invented a thouſand devices to defend and to aſſault—the helmet, the cuiraſs and the buckler, the ſword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound, as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on, in the brilliant and philanthropic career of invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury—The Aries, the Scorpio, the Baliſta and the Catapulta, give a horror and ſublimity to war, and magnify its glory, by increaſing its deſolation. Still inſatiable, though armed with machinery that ſeemed to reach the limits of deſtructive invention, and to yield a power of injury, commenſurate, even with the deſires of revenge—ſtill deeper reſearches muſt be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of

the earth; he toils midſt poiſonous minerals and deadly ſalts—the ſublime diſcovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world—and finally the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation, ſeems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence!

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and beſpeaks that divine endowment of reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themſelves with the native force which providence has aſſigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him—the lion, the leopard, and the tyger, ſeek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their ſanguinary fury; and even the ſubtle ſerpent darts the ſame venom, and uſes the ſame wiles, as did his ſire before the flood. Man alone, bleſſed with the inventive mind, goes on from diſcovery to diſcovery—enlarges and multiplies his powers of deſtruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itſelf, and taſks creation to aſſiſt him in murdering his brother worm!

In proportion as the art of war has increaſed in improvement, has the art of preſerving peace advanced in equal ratio; and, as we have diſcovered in this age of wonders and inventions, that proclamation is the moſt formidable engine in war, ſo have we diſcovered the no leſs ingenious mode of maintaining peace by perpetual negociations.

A treaty, or to ſpeak more correctly, a negociation, therefore, according to the acceptation of experienced ſtateſmen, learned in theſe matters, is no longer an attempt to accommodate differences, to aſcertain rights, and to eſtabliſh an equitable exchange of kind offices; but a conteſt of ſkill between two powers, which ſhall over-reach, and take in the other. It is a cunning endeavour to obtain by peaceful manœuvre, and the chicanery of cabinets, thoſe advantages, which a nation would otherwiſe have wreſted by force of arms. —In the ſame manner that a conſcientious highwayman reforms and becomes an excellent and praiſeworthy citizen, contenting himſelf with cheating his neighbour out of that property he would formerly have ſeized with open violence.

In fact the only time when two nations can be ſaid to be in a ſtate of perfect amity, is when a negociation is open, and a treaty pending. Then, as there are no ſtipulations entered into, no bonds to reſtrain the will, no ſpecific limits to awaken that captious jealouſy of right implanted in our nature, as each party has ſome advantage to hope and expect from the other, then it is that the two nations are ſo gracious and friendly to each other; their miniſters profeſſing the higheſt mutual regard, exchanging billets-doux, making fine ſpeeches and indulging in all thoſe little diplomatic flirtations, coquetries and fondlings, that do ſo marvellouſly tickle the good humour of the reſpective nations. Thus it may para-

doxically be ſaid, that there is never ſo good an underſtanding between two nations, as when there is a little misunderſtanding—and that ſo long as they are on no terms, they are on the beſt terms in the world!

I do not by any means pretend to claim the merit of having made the above political diſcovery. It has in fact long been ſecretly acted upon by certain enlightened cabinets, and is, together with divers other notable theories, privately copied out of the common place book of an illuſtrious gentleman, who has been member of congreſs, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of heads of department. To this principle may be aſcribed the wonderful ingenuity that has been ſhewn of late years in protracting and interrupting negociations.—Hence the cunning meaſure of appointing as ambaſſador, ſome political pettifogger ſkilled in delays, ſophiſms, and miſapprehenſions, and dexterous in the art of baffling argument—or ſome blundering ſtateſman, whoſe errors and miſconſtructions may be a plea for refuſing to ratify his engagements. And hence too that moſt notable expedient, ſo popular with our government, of ſending out a brace of ambaſſadors; who having each an individual will to conſult, character to eſtabliſh, and intereſt to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord between two lovers with one miſtreſs, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches. This diſagreement therefore is continually breeding delays and impediments, in conſequence of which the nego-

ciation goes on ſwimmingly—inaſmuch as there is no proſpect of its ever coming to a cloſe. Nothing is loſt by theſe delays and obſtacles but time, and in a negotiation, according to the theory I have expoſed, all time loſt, is in reality ſo much time gained—with what delightful paradoxes, does modern political economy abound.

Now all that I have here advanced is ſo notoriouſly true, that I almoſt bluſh to take up the time of my readers, with treating of matters which muſt many a time have ſtared them in the face. But the propoſition to which I would moſt earneſtly call their attention is this, that though a negociation be the moſt harmonizing of all national tranſactions, yet a treaty of peace is a great political evil and one of the moſt fruitful ſources of war.

I have rarely ſeen an inſtance, of any ſpecial contract between individuals, that did not produce jealouſies, bickerings, and often downright ruptures between them; nor did I ever know of a treaty between two nations, that did not occaſion continual miſunderſtandings. How many worthy country neighbours have I known, who after living in peace and good fellowſhip for years, have been thrown into a ſtate of diſtruſt, cavilling and animoſity, by ſome ill-ſtarred agreement about fences, runs of water, and ſtray cattle. And how many well meaning nations, who would otherwiſe have remained in the moſt amicable diſpoſition towards each other, have been brought to

ſwords points about the infringement, or miſconſtruction of ſome treaty, which in an evil hour they had concluded by way of making their amity more ſure.

Treaties at beſt are but complied with ſo long as intereſt requires their fulfilment; conſequently, they are virtually binding on the weaker party only, or, in plain truth, they are not binding at all. No nation will wantonly go to war with another, if it has nothing to gain thereby, and therefore needs no treaty to reſtrain it from violence; and if it have any thing to gain, I much queſtion, from what I have witneſſed of the righteous conduct of nations, whether any treaty could be made ſo ſtrong, that it could not thruſt the ſword through—nay, I would hold ten to one, the treaty itſelf, would be the very ſource to which reſort would be had, to find a pretext for hoſtilities.

Thus therefore I conclude—that though it is the beſt of all policies for a nation to keep up a conſtant negotiation with its neighbours, yet it is the ſummit of folly, for it ever to be beguiled into a treaty; for then comes on the non-fulfilment and infraction, then remonſtrance, then altercation, then retaliation, then recrimination and finally open war. In a word, negotiation is like courtſhip, a time of ſweet words, gallant ſpeeches, ſoft looks and endearing careſſes, but the marriage ceremony is the ſignal for hoſtilities.

CHAP. IV.

How Peter Stuyvesant was greatly belied by his adversaries the Moss Troopers—and his conduct thereupon.

If my pains-taking reader be not somewhat perplexed, in the course of the ratiocination of my last chapter, he will doubtless at one glance perceive, that the great Peter, in concluding a treaty with his eastern neighbours, was guilty of a lamentable error and heterodoxy in politics. To this unlucky agreement may justly be ascribed a world of little infringements, altercations, negociations and bickerings, which afterwards took place between the irreproachable Stuyvesant, and the evil disposed council of Amphyctions. All these did not a little disturb the constitutional serenity of the good burghers of Mannahata; but in sooth they were so very pitiful in their nature and effects, that a grave historian, who grudges the time spent in any thing less than recording the fall of empires, and the revolution of worlds, would think them unworthy to be inscribed on his sacred page.

The reader is therefore to take it for granted, though I scorn to waste in the detail, that time, which my furrowed brow and trembling hand inform me is invaluable, that all the while the great Peter was

occupied in thoſe tremendous and bloody conteſts, that I ſhall ſhortly rehearſe, there was a continued ſeries of little, dirty, ſnivelling, ſkirmiſhes, ſcourings, broils and maraudings made on the eaſtern frontiers, by the moſs troopers of Connecticut. But like that mirror of chivalry, the ſage and valourous Don Quixote, I leave theſe petty conteſts for ſome future Sancho Panza of a hiſtorian, while I reſerve my proweſs and my pen for achievements of higher dignity.

Now did the great Peter conclude, that his labours had come to a cloſe in the eaſt, and that he had nothing to do but apply himſelf to the internal proſperity of his beloved Manhattoes. Though a man of great modeſty, he could not help boaſting that he had at length ſhut the temple of Janus, and that, were all rulers like a certain perſon who ſhould be nameleſs, it would never be opened again. But the exultation of the worthy governor was put to a ſpeedy check, for ſcarce was the treaty concluded, and hardly was the ink dried on the paper, before the crafty and diſcourteous council of the league ſought a new pretence for reilluming the flames of diſcord.

It ſeems to be the nature of confederacies, republics, and ſuch like powers, that want the true maſculine character, to indulge exceedingly in certain feminine panics and ſuſpicions. Like ſome good lady of delicate and ſickly virtue, who is in conſtant dread of having her veſtal purity contaminated or ſeduced

and who, if a man do but take her by the hand, or look her in the face, is ready to cry out, rape! and ruin!—ſo theſe ſqueamiſh governments are perpetually on the alarm for the virtue of the country: every manly meaſure is a violation of the conſtitution—every monarchy or other maſculine government around them is laying ſnares for their ſeduction; and they are for ever detecting infernal plots, by which they were to be betrayed, diſhonoured, and "brought upon the town."

If any proof were wanting of the truth of theſe opinions, I would inſtance the conduct of a certain republic of our day; who, good dame, has already withſtood ſo many plots and conſpiracies againſt her virtue, and has ſo often come near being made "no better than ſhe ſhould be." I would notice her conſtant jealouſies of poor old England, who, by her own account, has been inceſſantly trying to ſap her honour; though, from my ſoul, I never could believe the honeſt old gentleman meant her any rudeneſs. Whereas, on the contrary, I think I have ſeveral times caught her ſqueezing hands and indulging in certain amorous oglings with that ſad fellow Bonaparte—who all the world knows to be a great deſpoiler of national virtue, to have ruined all the empires in his neighbourhood, and to have debauched every republic that came in his way—but ſo it is, theſe rakes ſeem always to gain ſingular favour with the ladies.

But I crave pardon of my reader for thus wandering, and will endeavour in ſome meaſure to apply the foregoing remarks; for in the year 1651 we are told that the great confederacy of the eaſt accuſed the immaculate Peter—the ſoul of honour and heart of ſteel—that by divers gifts and promiſes he had been ſecretly endeavouring to inſtigate the Narrohiganſett, (or Narraganſet) Mohaque, and Pequot Indians, to ſurprize and maſſacre the Yankee ſettlements. "For," as the council ſlanderouſly obſerved, "the Indians round about for divers hundred miles cercute, ſeeme to have drunke deep of an intoxicating cupp, att or from the Manhatoes againſt the Engliſh, whoe have fought there good, both in bodily and ſpirituall reſpects."

Hiſtory does not make mention how the great council of the Amphyctions came by this precious plot; whether it were honeſtly bought at a fair market price, or diſcovered by ſheer good fortune—It is certain, however, that they examined divers Indians, who all ſwore to the fact, as ſturdily as though they had been ſo many Chriſtian troopers: and to be more ſure of their veracity, the ſage council previouſly made every mother's ſon of them devoutly drunk, remembering an old and trite proverb, which it is not neceſſary for me to repeat.

Though deſcended from a family which ſuffered much injury from the loſel Yankees of thoſe times—my great grandfather having had a yoke of oxen and

his beſt pacer ſtolen, and having received a pair of black eyes and a bloody noſe in one of theſe border wars; and my grandfather, when a very little boy tending pigs, having been kidnapped and ſeverely flogged by a long ſided Connecticut ſchoolmaſter—Yet I ſhould have paſſed over all theſe wrongs with forgiveneſs and oblivion—I could even have ſuffered them to have broken Evert Ducking's head, to have kicked the doughty Jacobus Van Curlet and his ragged regiment out of doors, carried every hog into captivity, and depopulated every hen rooſt on the face of the earth with perfect impunity—But this wanton attack upon one of the moſt gallant and irreproachable heroes of modern times, is too much even for me to digeſt, and has overſet, with a ſingle puff, the patience of the hiſtorian, and the forbearance of the Dutchman.

Oh reader, it was falſe!—I ſwear to thee, it was falſe!—if thou haſt any reſpect for my word—if the undeviating character for veracity, which I have endeavoured to maintain throughout this work, has its due weight with thee, thou wilt not give thy faith to this tale of ſlander; for I pledge my honour and my immortal fame to thee, that the gallant Peter Stuyveſant, was not only innocent of this foul conſpiracy, but would have ſuffered his right arm, or even his wooden leg to conſume with ſlow and everlaſting flames, rather than attempt to deſtroy his enemies in any other way than open generous warfare—Beſhrew

thoſe caitiff ſcouts, that conſpired to ſully his honeſt name by ſuch an imputation!

Peter Stuyveſant, though he perhaps had never heard of a Knight Errant, yet had he as true a heart of chivalry as ever beat at the round table of King Arthur. There was a ſpirit of native gallantry, a noble and generous hardihood diffuſed through his rugged manners, which altogether gave unqueſtionable tokens of an heroic mind. He was, in truth, a hero of chivalry ſtruck off by the hand of nature at a ſingle heat, and though ſhe had taken no further care to poliſh and refine her workmanſhip, he ſtood forth a miracle of her ſkill.

But not to be figurative, (a fault in hiſtoric writing which I particularly eſchew) the great Peter poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, the ſeven renowned and noble virtues of knighthood, which, as he had never conſulted authors, in the diſciplining and cultivating of his mind, I verily believe muſt have been implanted in a corner of his heart by dame nature herſelf—where they flouriſhed among his hardy qualities, like ſo many ſweet wild flowers, ſhooting forth and thriving with redundant luxuriance among ſtubborn rocks. Such was the mind of Peter the Headſtrong, and if my admiration for it has, on this occaſion, tranſported my ſtyle beyond the ſober gravity which becomes the laborious ſcribe of hiſtoric events, I can plead as an apology, that though a little, grey headed Dutchman, arrived almoſt at the bottom of the down-hill of life, I ſtill

retain ſome portion of that celeſtial fire, which ſparkles in the eye of youth, when contemplating the virtues and achievements of ancient worthies. Bleſſed, thrice and nine times bleſſed be the good St. Nicholas—that I have eſcaped the influence of that chilling apathy, which too often freezes the ſympathies of age; which, like a churliſh ſpirit, ſits at the portals of the heart, repulſing every genial ſentiment, and paralyzing every ſpontaneous glow of enthuſiaſm.

No ſooner then, did this ſcoundrel imputation on his honour reach the ear of Peter Stuyveſant, than he proceeded in a manner which would have redounded to his credit, even though he had ſtudied for years in the library of Don Quixote himſelf. He immediately diſpatched his valiant trumpeter and ſquire, Antony Van Corlear, with orders to ride night and day, as herald, to the Amphyctionic council, reproaching them in terms of noble indignation, for giving ear to the ſlanders of heathen infidels, againſt the character of a Chriſtian, a gentleman, and a ſoldier—and declaring, that as to the treacherous and bloody plot alleged againſt him, whoever affirmed it to be true, lied in his teeth!—to prove which, he defied the preſident of the council and all of his compeers, or if they pleaſed, their puiſſant champion captain Alicxſander Partridg, that mighty man of Rhodes, to meet him in ſingle combat, where he would truſt the vindication of his innocence to the proweſs of his arm.

This challenge being delivered with due ceremony, Antony Van Corlear ſounded a trumpet of defiance before the whole council, ending with a moſt horrific and naſal twang, full in the face of captain Partridg, who almoſt jumped out of his ſkin in an ecſtacy of of aſtoniſhment, at the noiſe. This done he mounted a tall Flanders mare, which he always rode, and trotted merrily towards the Manhattoes—paſſing through Hartford, and Pyquag and Middletown and all the other border towns—twanging his trumpet like a very devil, ſo that the ſweet vallies and banks of the Connecticut reſounded with the warlike melody—and ſtopping occaſionally to eat pumpkin pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the beauteous laſſes of thoſe parts—whom he rejoiced exceedingly with his ſoul ſtirring inſtrument.

But the grand council being compoſed of conſiderate men, had no idea of running a tilting with ſuch a fiery hero as the hardy Peter—on the contrary they ſent him an anſwer, couched in the meekeſt, the moſt mild and provoking terms, in which they aſſured him that his guilt was proved to their perfect ſatisfaction, by the teſtimony of divers ſober and reſpectable Indians, and concluding with this truly amiable paragraph.—"For youre confidant denialls of the Barbarous plott charged will waigh little in balance againſt ſuch evidence, ſoe that we muſt ſtill require and ſeeke due ſatisfaction and cecuritie, ſo we reſt,

Sir,

Youres in wayes of Righteouſneſs, &c."

I am aware that the above tranſaction has been differently recorded by certain hiſtorians of the eaſt, and elſewhere; who ſeem to have inherited the bitter enmity of their anceſtors to the brave Peter—and much good may their inheritance do them. Theſe declare, that Peter Stuyveſant requeſted to have the charges againſt him enquired into, by commiſſioners to be appointed for the purpoſe; and yet that when ſuch commiſſioners were appointed, he refuſed to ſubmit to their examination. In this artful account there is but the ſemblance of truth—he did indeed, moſt gallantly offer, when that he found a deaf ear was turned to his challenge, to ſubmit his conduct to the rigorous inſpection of a court of honour—but then he expected to find it an auguſt tribunal, compoſed of courteous gentleman, the governors and nobility of the confederate plantations, and of the province of New-Netherlands; where he might be tried by his peers, in a manner worthy of his rank and dignity—whereas, let me periſh, if they did not ſend to the Manhattoes two lean ſided hungry pettifoggers, mounted on Narraganſet pacers, with ſaddle bags under their bottoms, and green ſatchels under their arms, as though they were about to beat the hoof from one county court to another in ſearch of a law ſuit.

The chivalric Peter, as might be expected, took no notice of theſe cunning varlets; who with profeſſional induſtry fell to prying and ſifting about, in queſt of *ex parte* evidence; perplexing divers ſimple Indians

and old women, with their croſs queſtioning, until they contradicted and forſwore themſelves moſt horribly—as is too often done in our courts of juſtice. Thus having fulfilled their errand to their own ſatisfaction, they returned to the grand council with their ſatchels and ſaddle bags ſtuffed full of villanous rumours, apocryphal ſtories and outrageous calumnies, —for all which the great Peter did not care a tobacco ſtopper; but, I warrant me, had they attempted to play off the ſame trick upon William the Teſty, he would have treated them both to an aerial gambol on his patent gallows.

The grand council of the eaſt, held a very ſolemn meeting on the return of their envoys, and after they had pondered a long time on the ſituation of affairs, were upon the point of adjourning without being able to agree upon any thing. At this critical moment one of thoſe meddleſome, indefatigable ſpirits, who endeavour to eſtabliſh a character for patriotiſm by blowing the bellows of party, until the whole furnace of politics is red-hot with ſparks and cinders—and who have juſt cunning enough to know, that there is no time ſo favourable for getting on the people's backs, as when they are in a ſtate of turmoil, and attending to every body's buſineſs but their own—This aſpiring imp of faction, who was called a great politician, becauſe he had ſecured a ſeat in council by calumniating all his opponents—He, I ſay, conceived this a fit opportunity to ſtrike a blow that ſhould ſecure his popula-

rity among his conſtituents, who lived on the borders of Nieuw-Nederlandt, and were the greateſt poachers in Chriſtendom, excepting the Scotch border nobles. Like a ſecond Peter the hermit, therefore, he ſtood forth and preached up a cruſade againſt Peter Stuyveſant, and his devoted city.

He made a ſpeech which laſted ſix hours, according to the ancient cuſtom in theſe parts, in which he repreſented the Dutch as a race of impious heretics, who neither believed in witchcraft, nor the ſovereign virtues of horſe ſhoes—who left their country for the lucre of gain, not like themſelves, for the enjoyment of *liberty of conſcience*—who, in ſhort, were a race of mere cannibals and anthropophagi, inaſmuch as they never eat cod-fiſh on Saturdays, devoured ſwine's fleſh without molaſſes, and held pumpkins in utter contempt.

This ſpeech had the deſired effect, for the council, being awakened by the ſerjeant at arms, rubbed their eyes, and declared that it was juſt and politic to declare inſtant war againſt theſe unchriſtian anti-pumpkinites. But it was neceſſary that the people at large ſhould firſt be prepared for this meaſure, and for this purpoſe the arguments of the orator were preached from the pulpit for ſeveral Sundays ſubſequent, and earneſtly recommended to the conſideration of every good Chriſtian, who profeſſed, as well as practiſed, the doctrine of meekneſs, charity, and the forgiveneſs of injuries. This is the firſt time we

hear of the "Drum Eccleſiaſtic" beating up for political recruits in our country; and it proved of ſuch ſignal efficacy, that it has ſince been called into frequent ſervice throughout our union. A cunning politician is often found ſkulking under the clerical robe, with an outſide all religion, and an inſide all political rancour. Things ſpiritual and things temporal are ſtrangely jumbled together, like poiſons and antidotes on an apothecary's ſhelf, and inſtead of a devout ſermon, the ſimple church-going folk have often a political pamphlet thruſt down their throats, labeled with a pious text from Scripture.

CHAP. V.

How the New-Amsterdammers became great in arms, and of the direful catastrophe of a mighty army—together with Peter Stuyvesant's measures to fortify the city—and how he was the original founder of the Battery.

But notwithstanding that the grand council, as I have already shown, were amazingly discreet in their proceedings respecting the New-Netherlands, and conducted the whole with almost as much silence and mystery, as does the sage British cabinet one of its ill star'd *secret expeditions*—yet did the ever watchful Peter receive as full and accurate information of every movement, as does the court of France of all the notable enterprises I have mentioned.—He accordingly sat himself to work, to render the machinations of his bitter adversaries abortive.

I know that many will censure the precipitation of this stout hearted old governor, in that he hurried into the expenses of fortification, without ascertaining whether they were necessary, by prudently waiting until the enemy was at the door. But they should recollect that Peter Stuyvesant had not the benefit of an insight into the modern arcana of politics, and was strangely bigotted to certain obsolete maxims of the old school; among which he firmly believed, that, to

render a country reſpected abroad, it was neceſſary to make it formidable at home—and that a nation ſhould place its reliance for peace and ſecurity, more upon its own ſtrength, than on the juſtice or good will of its neighbours.—He proceeded, therefore, with all diligence, to put the province and metropolis in a ſtrong poſture of defence.

Among the few remnants of ingenious inventions which remained from the days of William the Teſty, were thoſe impregnable bulwarks of public ſafety, militia laws; by which the inhabitants were obliged to turn out twice a year, with ſuch military equipments—as it pleaſed God; and were put under the command of very valiant taylors, and man milliners, who, though on ordinary occaſions the meekeſt, pippen-hearted little men in the world, were very devils at parades and court-martials, when they had cocked hats on their heads, and ſwords by their ſides. Under the inſtructions of theſe periodical warriors, the gallant train bands made marvellous proficiency in the myſtery of gun-powder. They were taught to face to the right, to wheel to the left, to ſnap off empty firelocks without winking, to turn a corner without any great uproar or irregularity, and to march through ſun and rain from one end of the town to the other without flinching—until in the end they became ſo valourous that they fired off blank cartridges, without ſo much as turning away their heads—could hear the

largeſt field piece diſcharged, without ſtopping their ears, or falling into much confuſion—and would even go through all the fatigues and perils of a ſummer day's parade, without having their ranks much thinned by deſertion!

True it is, the genius of this truly pacific people was ſo little given to war, that during the intervals which occurred between field days, they generally contrived to forget all the military tuition they had received; ſo that when they re-appeared on parade, they ſcarcely knew the butt end of the muſket from the muzzle, and invariably miſtook the right ſhoulder for the left—a miſtake which, however, was ſoon obviated by chalking their left arms. But whatever might be their blunders and aukwardneſs, the ſagacious Kieft declared them to be of but little importance—ſince, as he judiciouſly obſerved, one campaign would be of more inſtruction to them than a hundred parades; for though two-thirds of them might be food for powder, yet ſuch of the other third as did not run away, would become moſt experienced veterans.

The great Stuyveſant had no particular veneration for the ingenious experiments and inſtitutions of his ſhrewd predeceſſor, and among other things, held the militia ſyſtem in very conſiderable contempt, which he was often heard to call in joke—for he was ſometimes fond of a joke—governor Kieft's broken reed.

As, however, the preſent emergency was preſſing, he was obliged to avail himſelf of ſuch means of defence as were next at hand, and accordingly appointed a general inſpection and parade of the train bands. But oh! Mars and Bellona, and all ye other powers of war, both great and ſmall, what a turning out was here!—Here came men without officers, and officers without men—long fowling pieces, and ſhort blunderbuſſes—muſkets of all ſorts and ſizes, ſome without bayonets, others without locks, others without ſtocks, and many without lock, ſtock, or barrel.—Cartridge-boxes, ſhot belts, powder-horns, ſwords, hatchets, ſnicker-ſnees, crow-bars, and broomſticks, all mingled higgledy, piggledy—like one of our continental armies at the breaking out of the revolution.

This ſudden transformation of a pacific community into a band of warriors, is doubtleſs what is meant, in modern days, by "putting a nation in armour," and "fixing it in an attitude." In which armour and attitude it makes as martial a figure, and is likely to acquit itſelf with as much proweſs, as the renowned Sancho Panza, when ſuddenly equipped to defend his Iſland of Barataria.

The ſturdy Peter eyed this ragged regiment with ſome ſuch rueful aſpect, as a man would eye the devil; but knowing, like a wiſe man, that all he had to do was to make the beſt out of a bad bargain, he

determined to give his heroes a ſeaſoning. Having, therefore, drilled them through the manual exerciſe over and over again, he ordered the fifes to ſtrike up a quick march, and trudged his ſturdy boots backwards and forwards, about the ſtreets of New-Amſterdam, and the fields adjacent, until their ſhort legs ached, and their fat ſides ſweated again. But this was not all; the martial ſpirit of the old governor caught fire from the ſprightly muſic of the fife, and he reſolved to try the mettle of his troops, and give them a taſte of the hardſhips of iron war. To this end he encamped them as the ſhades of evening fell, upon a hill formerly called Bunker's hill, at ſome diſtance from the town, with a full intention of initiating them into the diſcipline of camps, and of renewing the next day, the toils and perils of the field. But ſo it came to paſs, that in the night there fell a great and heavy rain, which deſcended in torrents upon the camp, and the mighty army ſtrangely melted away before it; ſo that when Gaffer Phœbus came to ſhed his morning beams upon the place, ſaving Peter Stuyveſant and his trumpeter Van Corlear, ſcarce one was to be found of all the multitude that had encamped there the night before.

This awful diſſolution of his army would have appalled a commander of leſs nerve than Peter Stuyveſant; but he conſidered it as a matter of but ſmall importance, though he thenceforward regarded the

militia ſyſtem with ten times greater contempt than ever, and took care to provide himſelf with a good garriſon of choſen men, whom he kept in pay, of whom he boaſted that they at leaſt poſſeſſed the quality, indiſpenſable in ſoldiers, of being *water proof*.

The next care of the vigilant Stuyveſant was to ſtrengthen and fortify New-Amſterdam. For this purpoſe he cauſed to be built a ſtrong picket fence that reached acroſs the iſland, from river to river, being intended to protect the city, not merely from the ſudden invaſions of foreign enemies, but likewiſe from the incurſions of the neighbouring ſavages.*

Some traditions, it is true, have aſcribed the building of this wall to a later period, but they are wholly incorrect; for a memorandum in the Stuyveſant manuſcript, dated towards the middle of the governor's reign, mentions this wall particularly, as a very ſtrong and curious piece of workmanſhip, and the admiration of all the ſavages in the neighbourhood. And it mentions, moreover, the alarming circumſtance of a drove of ſtray cows breaking through

* In an antique view of New-Amsterdam, taken some years after the above period, is a representation of this wall, which stretched along the course of Wall-street, so called in commemoration of this great bulwark. One gate, called the Land-Poort, opened upon Broad-way, hard by where at present stands the Trinity Church; and another called the Water-Poort, stood about where the Tontine Coffee House is at present—opening upon Smits Vleye, or as it is commonly called Smith Fly, then a marshy valley, with a creek or inlet extending up what we call Maiden-lane.

the grand wall of a dark night; by which the whole community of New-Amſterdam was thrown into a terrible panic.

In addition to this great wall, he caſt up ſeveral outworks to Fort Amſterdam, to protect the ſea board, at the point of the iſland. Theſe conſiſted of formidable mud batteries, ſolidly faced, after the manner of the Dutch ovens, common in thoſe days, with clam ſhells.

Theſe frowning bulwarks, in proceſs of time, came to be pleaſantly overrun by a verdant carpet of graſs and clover, and their high embankments overſhadowed by wide ſpreading ſycamores, among whoſe foliage the little birds ſported about, rejoicing the ear with their melodious notes. The old burghers would repair of an afternoon to ſmoke their pipes under the ſhade of their branches, contemplating the golden ſun as he gradually ſunk into the weſt, an emblem of that tranquil end toward which themſelves were haſtening—while the young men and the damſels of the town would take many a moonlight ſtroll among theſe favourite haunts, watching the ſilver beams of chaſte Cynthia tremble along the calm boſom of the bay, or light up the white ſail of ſome gliding bark, and interchanging the honeſt vows of conſtant affection. Such was the origin of that renowned walk, *the battery*, which, though oſtenſibly devoted to the purpoſes of war, has ever been conſecrated to the

ſweet delights of peace. The favourite walk of declining age—the healthful reſort of the feeble invalid—the Sunday refreſhment of the duſty tradeſman—the ſcene of many a boyiſh gambol—the rendezvous of many a tender aſſignation—the comfort of the citizen—the ornament of New-York, and the pride of the lovely iſland of Mannahata.

CHAP. VI.

How the people of the east country were suddenly afflicted with a diabolical evil—and their judicious measures for the extirpation thereof.

HAVING thus provided for the temporary security of New-Amsterdam, and guarded it against any sudden surprise, the gallant Peter took a hearty pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers, set the great council of Amphyctions, and their champion, the doughty Alicxsander Partridg, at defiance. It is impossible to say, notwithstanding, what might have been the issue of this affair, had not the council been all at once involved in sad perplexity, and as much dissension sown among its members, as of yore was stirred up in the camp of the brawling warriors of Greece.

The council of the league, as I have shown in my last chapter, had already announced its hostile determinations, and already was the mighty colony of New-Haven and the puissant town of Pyquag, otherwise called Weathersfield—famous for its onions and its witches—and the great trading house of Hartford, and all the other redoubtable border towns, in a prodigious turmoil, furbishing up their rusty fowling pieces, and shouting aloud for war; by which they anticipated easy conquests, and gorgeous spoils, from little fat Dutch villages. But this joyous brawling

was ſoon ſilenced by the conduct of the colony of Maſſachuſetts. Struck with the gallant ſpirit of the brave old Peter, and convinced by the chivalric frankneſs and heroic warmth of his vindication, they refuſed to believe him guilty of the infamous plot moſt wrongfully laid at his door. With a generoſity for which I would yield them immortal honour, they declared, that no determination of the grand council of the league ſhould bind the general court of Maſſachuſetts to join in an offenſive war, which ſhould appear to ſuch general court to be unjuſt.*

This refuſal immediately involved the colony of Maſſachuſetts and the other combined colonies, in very ſerious difficulties and diſputes, and would no doubt have produced a diſſolution of the confederacy but that the council of Amphyctions, finding, that they could not ſtand alone, if mutilated by the loſs of ſo important a member as Maſſachuſetts, were fain to abandon for the preſent their hoſtile machinations againſt the Manhattoes. Such is the marvellous energy and the puiſſance of thoſe confederacies, compoſed of a number of ſturdy, ſelf-will'd, diſcordant parts, looſely banded together by a puny general government. As it was however, the warlike towns of Connecticut, had no cauſe to deplore this diſappointment of their martial ardour; for by my faith—though the combined powers of the league might have

* Haz. Col. S. Pap.

been too potent in the end, for the robuſtious warriors of the Manhattoes—yet in the interim would the lion hearted Peter and his myrmidons have choaked the ſtomachful heroes of Pyquag with their own onions, and have given the other little border towns ſuch a ſcouring, that I warrant they would have had no ſtomach to ſquat on the land, or invade the hen rooſt of a New-Nederlander for a century to come.

Indeed there was more than one cauſe to divert the attention of the good people of the eaſt, from their hoſtile purpoſes; for juſt about this time were they horribly beleagured and hataſſed by the inroads of the prince of darkneſs, divers of whoſe liege ſubjects they detected, lurking within their camp, all of whom they incontinently roaſted as ſo many ſpies and dangerous enemies. Not to ſpeak in parables, we are informed, that at this juncture, the New-England provinces were exceedingly troubled by multitudes of leſel witches, who wrought ſtrange devices to beguile and diſtreſs the multitude; and notwithſtanding numerous judicious and bloody laws had been enacted, againſt all "ſolem converſing or compacting with the divil, by way of conjuracon or the like,"* yet did the dark crime of witchcraft continue to increaſe to an alarming degree, that would

* New-Plymouth record.

almoſt tranſcend belief, were not the fact too well authenticated to be even doubted for an inſtant.

What is particularly worthy of admiration is, that this terrible art, which ſo long has baffled the painful reſearches, and abſtruſe ſtudies of philoſophers, aſtrologers, alchymiſts, theurgiſts and other ſages, was chiefly confined to the moſt ignorant, decrepid and ugly old women in the community, who had ſcarcely more brains than the broomſticks they rode upon. Where they firſt acquired their infernal education—whether from the works of the ancient Theurgiſts—the demonology of the Egyptians—the belomancy, or divination by arrows of the Scythians—the ſpectrology of the Germans—the magic of the Perſians—the enchantment of the Laplanders, or from the archives of the dark and myſterious caverns of the Dom Daniel, is a queſtion pregnant with many learned and ingenious doubts—particularly as moſt of them were totally unverſed in the occult myſteries of the alphabet.

When once an alarm is founded, the public, who love dearly to be in a panic, are not long in want of proofs to ſupport it—raiſe but the cry of yellow fever, and immediately every head-ache, and indigeſtion, and overflowing of the bile is pronounced the terrible epidemic—In like manner in the preſent inſtance, whoever was troubled with a cholic or lumbago, was ſure to be bewitched, and woe to any unlucky old woman that lived in his neighbourhood. Such a

howling abomination could not be ſuffered to remain long unnoticed, and it accordingly ſoon attracted the fiery indignation of the ſober and reflective part of the community—more eſpecially of thoſe, who, whilome, had evinced ſo much active benevolence in the converſion of quakers and anabaptiſts. The grand council of the Amphyctions publicly ſet their faces againſt ſo deadly and dangerous a ſin, and a ſevere ſcrutiny took place after thoſe nefarious witches, who were eaſily detected by devil's pinches, black cats, broomſticks, and the circumſtance of their only being able to weep three tears, and thoſe out of the left eye.

It is incredible the number of offences that were detected, "for every one of which," ſays the profound and reverend Cotton Mather, in that excellent work, the hiſtory of New-England—"we have ſuch a ſufficient evidence, that no reaſonable man in this whole country ever did queſtion them; *and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*"*

Indeed, that authentic and judicious hiſtorian, John Joſſelyn, Gent. furniſhes us with unqueſtionable facts on this ſubject. "There are none," obſerves he, "that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—bottle bellied witches and others, that produce many ſtrange apparitions, if you will believe report of a ſhallop at ſea manned with women—and

* Mather's Hiſt. New. Eng. B. 6. ch. 7.

of a ſhip and great red horſe ſtanding by the main maſt; the ſhip being in a ſmall cove to the eaſtward vaniſhed of a ſudden," &c.

The number of delinquents, however, and their magical devices were not more remarkable than their diabolical obſtinacy. Though exhorted in the moſt ſolemn, perſuaſive, and affectionate manner, to confeſs themſelves guilty, and be burnt for the good of religion, and the entertainment of the public; yet did they moſt pertinaciouſly perſiſt in aſſerting their innocence. Such incredible obſtinacy was in itſelf deſerving of immediate puniſhment, and was ſufficient proof, if proof were neceſſary, that they were in league with the devil, who is perverſeneſs itſelf. But their judges were juſt and merciful, and were determined to puniſh none that were not convicted on the beſt of teſtimony; not that they needed any evidence to ſatisfy their own minds, for, like true and experienced judges, their minds were perfectly made up, and they were thoroughly ſatisfied of the guilt of the priſoners, before they proceeded to try them; but ſtill ſomething was neceſſary to convince the community at large—to quiet thoſe prying quid nuncs who ſhould come after them—in ſhort, the world muſt be ſatisfied. Oh the world—the world! —all the world knows the world of trouble the world is eternally occaſioning!—The worthy judges, therefore, were driven to the neceſſity of ſifting, detecting, and making evident as noon day, matters which were

at the commencement all clearly underſtood and firmly decided upon in their own pericraniums—ſo that it may truly be ſaid, that the witches were burnt, to gratify the populace of the day—but were tried for the ſatisfaction of the whole world that ſhould come after them!

Finding, therefore, that neither exhortation, ſound reaſon, nor friendly entreaty had any avail on theſe hardened offenders, they reſorted to the more urgent arguments of the torture, and having thus abſolutely wrung the truth from their ſtubborn lips—they condemned them to undergo the roaſting due unto the heinous crimes they had confeſſed. Some even carried their perverſeneſs ſo far, as to expire under the torture, proteſting their innocence to the laſt; but theſe were looked upon as thoroughly and abſolutely poſſeſſed by the devil, and the pious bye-ſtanders only lamented that they had not lived a little longer, to have periſhed in the flames.

In the city of Epheſus, we are told, that the plague was expelled by ſtoning a ragged old beggar to death, whom Appolonius pointed out as being the evil ſpirit that cauſed it, and who actually ſhowed himſelf to be a demon, by changing into a ſhagged dog. In like manner, and by meaſures equally ſagacious, a ſalutary check was given to this growing evil. The witches were all burnt, baniſhed or panic ſtruck, and in a little while there was not an ugly old woman to be found throughout New-England—which is doubtleſs

the reaſon why all the young women there are ſo handſome. Thoſe honeſt folk who had ſuffered from their incantations gradually recovered, excepting ſuch as had been afflicted with twitches and aches, which, however, aſſumed the leſs alarming aſpects of rheumatiſms, ſciatics and lumbagos—and the good people of New-England, abandoning the ſtudy of the occult ſciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus pocus of trade, and ſoon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is diſcernable, even unto this day, in their characters—witches occaſionally ſtart up among them in different diſguiſes, as phyſicians, civilians, and divines. The people at large ſhow a keenneſs, a cleverneſs, and a profundity of wiſdom, that ſavours ſtrongly of witchcraft—and it has been remarked, that whenever any ſtones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is ſure to tumble into New-England!

CHAP. VII.

Which records the rise and renown of a valiant commander, showing that a man, like a bladder, may be puffed up to greatness and importance by mere wind.

When treating of these tempestuous times, the unknown writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, breaks out into a vehement apostrophe, in praise of the good St. Nicholas; to whose protecting care he entirely ascribes the strange dissentions that broke out in the council of the Amphyctions, and the direful witchcraft that prevailed in the east country—whereby the hostile machinations against the Nederlanders were for a time frustrated, and his favourite city of New-Amsterdam preserved from imminent peril and deadly warfare. Darkness and lowering superstition hung over the fair valleys of the east; the pleasant banks of the Connecticut no longer echoed with the sounds of rustic gaiety; direful phantoms and portentous apparitions were seen in the air—gliding spectrums haunted every wild brook and dreary glen—strange voices, made by viewless forms, were heard in desart solitudes—and the border towns were so occupied in detecting and punishing the knowing old women, that had produced these alarming appearances, that for a

while the province of Nieuw-Nederlandt and its inhabitants were totally forgotten.

The great Peter, therefore, finding that nothing was to be immediately apprehended from his eaſtern neighbours, turned himſelf about, with a praiſeworthy vigilance that ever diſtinguiſhed him, to put a ſtop to the inſults of the Swedes. Theſe freebooters my attentive reader will recollect nad begun to be very troubleſome towards the latter part of the reign of William the Teſty, having ſet the proclamations of that doughty little governor at naught, and put the intrepid Jan Janſen Alpendam to a perfect non plus!

Peter Stuyveſant, however, as has already been ſhown, was a governor of different habits and turn of mind—without more ado he immediately iſſued orders for raiſing a corps of troops to be ſtationed on the ſouthern frontier, under the command of brigadier general Jacobus Van Poffenburgh. This illuſtrious warrior had riſen to great importance during the reign of Wilhelmus Kieft, and if hiſtories ſpeak true, was ſecond in command to the hapleſs Van Curlet, when he and his ragged regiment were inhumanly kicked out of Fort Good Hope by the Yankees. In conſequence of having been in ſuch a "memorable affair;" and of having received more wounds on a certain honourable part that ſhall be nameleſs, than any of his comrades, he was ever after conſidered as a hero, who had "ſeen ſome ſervice." Certain it is, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence and

friendſhip of William the Teſty; who would ſit for hours, and liſten with wonder to his gunpowder narratives of ſurpriſing victories—he had never gained: and dreadful battles—from which he had run away; and the governor was once heard to declare, that had he lived in ancient times, he might unqueſtionably have claimed the armour of Achilles—being not merely like Ajax, a mighty bluſtering man of battle; but in the cabinet a ſecond Ulyſſes, that is to ſay, very valiant of ſpeech, and long winded—all which, as nobody in New-Amſterdam knew aught of the ancient heroes in queſtion, paſſed totally uncontradicted.

It was tropically obſerved by honeſt old Socrates, that heaven had infuſed into ſome men at their birth a portion of intellectual gold; into others of intellectual ſilver; while others were bounteouſly furniſhed out with abundance of braſs and iron—now, of this laſt claſs was undoubtedly the great general Von Poffenburgh, and from the diſplay he continually made thereof, I am inclined to think that dame nature, who will ſometimes be partial, had bleſſed him with enough of thoſe valuable materials to have fitted up a dozen ordinary braziers. But what is moſt to be admired is, that he contrived to paſs off all his braſs and copper upon Wilhelmus Kieft, who was no great judge of baſe coin, as pure and genuine gold. The conſequence was, that upon the reſignation of Jacobus Van Curlet, who, after the loſs of

Fort Good Hoop, retired like a veteran general, to live under the ſhade of his laurels, the mighty "copper captain" was promoted to his ſtation. This he filled with great importance, always ſtyling himſelf "commander in chief of the armies of the New-Netherlands;" though, to tell the truth, the armies, or rather army, conſiſted of a handful of hen ſtealing, battle bruiſing raggamuffins.

Such was the character of the warrior appointed by Peter Stuyveſant to defend his ſouthern frontier, nor may it be unintereſting to my reader to have a glimpſe of his perſon. He was not very tall, but notwithſtanding, a huge, full bodied man, whoſe bulk did not ſo much ariſe from his being fat, as windy; being ſo completely inflated with his own importance, that he reſembled one of thoſe bags of wind, which Eolus, in an incredible fit of generoſity, gave to that wandering warrior Ulyſſes.

His dreſs comported with his character, for he had almoſt as much braſs and copper without, as nature had ſtored away within—His coat was croſſed and flaſhed, and carbonadoed with ſtripes of copper lace, and ſwathed round the body with a crimſon ſaſh, of the ſize and texture of a fiſhing net, doubtleſs to keep his valiant heart from burſting through his ribs. His head and whiſkers were profuſely powdered, from the midſt of which his full blooded face glowed like a fiery furnace; and his magnanimous ſoul ſeem-

ed ready to bounce out at a pair of large glaſſy blinking eyes, which projected like thoſe of a lobſter.

I ſwear to thee, worthy reader, if report belie not this warrior, I would give all the money in my pocket to have ſeen him accoutered cap-a-pie, in martial array—booted to the middle—faſhed to the chin—collared to the ears—whiſkered to the teeth—crowned with an overſhadowing cocked-hat, and girded with a leathern belt ten inches broad, from which trailed a faulchion, of a length that I dare not mention. Thus equipped, he ſtrutted about, as bitter looking a man of war as the far-famed More of More Hall, when he ſallied forth, armed at all points, to ſlay the Dragon of Wantley.*

Notwithſtanding all the great endowments and tranſcendant qualities of this renowned general, I muſt confeſs he was not exactly the kind of man that the gallant Peter would have choſen to command his troops—but the truth is, that in thoſe days the province did not abound, as at preſent, in great military characters; who, like ſo many Cincin-

* "Had you but ſeen him in this dress
How fierce he look'd and how big;
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Porcupig.

He frighted all, cats, dogs and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge hog."

Ballad of Drag. of Want.

natuſes, people every little village—marſhalling out cabbages, inſtead of ſoldiers, and ſignalizing themſelves in the corn field, inſtead of the field of battle. Who have ſurrendered the toils of war, for the more uſeful but inglorious arts of peace; and ſo blended the laurel with the olive, that you may have a general for a landlord, a colonel for a ſtage driver, and your horſe ſhod by a valiant "captain of volunteers" —Neither had Peter Stuyveſant an opportunity of chooſing, like modern rulers, from a loyal band of editors of newſpapers—no mention being made in the hiſtories of the times of any ſuch claſs of mercenaries being retained in pay by government, either as trumpeters, champions, or body guards. The redoubtable general Von Poffenburgh, therefore, was appointed to the command of the new levied troops, chiefly becauſe there were no competitors for the ſtation, and partly becauſe it would have been a breach of military etiquette, to have appointed a younger officer over his head—an injuſtice, which the great Peter would have rather died than have committed.

No ſooner did this thrice valiant copper captain receive marching orders, than he conducted his army undauntedly to the ſouthern frontier; through wild lands and ſavage deſerts; over inſurmountable mountains, acroſs impaſſable floods and through impenetrable foreſts; ſubduing a vaſt tract of uninhabited country, and encountering more perils, according t

his own account, than did ever the great Xenophon in his far famed retreat with his ten thouſand Grecians. All this accompliſhed, he eſtabliſhed on the South (or Delaware) river, a redoutable redoubt, named FORT CASIMER, in honour of a favourite pair of brimſtone coloured trunk breeches of the governor. As this fort will be found to give riſe to very important and intereſting events, it may be worth while to notice that it was afterwards called Neiuw-Amſtel, and was the original germ of the preſent flouriſhing town of NEW CASTLE, an appellation erroneouſly ſubſtituted for *No Caſtle*, there neither being, nor ever having been a caſtle, or any thing of the kind upon the premiſes.

The Swedes did not ſuffer tamely this menacing movement of the Nederlanders; on the contrary Jan Printz, at that time governor of New-Sweden, iſſued a proteſt againſt what he termed an encroachment upon his juriſdiction.—But the valiant Von Poffenburgh had become too well verſed in the nature of proclamations and proteſts, while he ſerved under William the Teſty, to be in any wiſe daunted by ſuch paper warfare. His fortreſs being finiſhed, it would have done any man's heart good to behold into what a magnitude he immediately ſwelled. He would ſtride in and out a dozen times a day, ſurveying it in front and in rear; on this ſide and on that.—Then would he dreſs himſelf in full regimentals, and ſtrut backwards and forwards, for hours together, on the

top of his little rampart—like a vain glorious cock pidgeon vapouring on the top of his coop. In a word, unleſs my readers have noticed, with curious eye, the petty commander of one of our little, ſnivelling, military poſts, ſwelling with all the vanity of new regimentals, and the pompoſity derived from commanding a handful of tatterdemalions, I deſpair of giving them any adequate idea of the prodigious dignity of general Von Poffenburgh.

It is recorded in the delectable romance of Pierce Foreſt, that a young knight being dubbed by king Alexander, did incontinently gallop into an adjoining foreſt, and belaboured the trees with ſuch might and main, that the whole court was convinced that he was the moſt potent and courageous gentleman on the face of the earth. In like manner the great Von Poffenburgh would eaſe off that valorous ſpleen, which like wind is ſo apt to grow unruly in the ſtomachs of new made ſoldiers, impelling them to box-lobby brawls, and broken headed quarrels.—For at ſuch times, when he found his martial ſpirit waxing hot within him, he would prudently ſally forth into the fields, and lugging out his truſty ſabre, would lay about him moſt luſtily, decapitating cabbages by platoons; hewing down whole phalanxes of ſunflowers, which he termed gigantic Swedes; and if, peradventure, he eſpied a colony of honeſt big bellied pumpkins quietly baſking themſelves in the ſun, "ah caitiff Yankees," would he roar, "have I caught

ye at laſt!"—ſo ſaying, with one ſweep of his ſword, he would cleave the unhappy vegetables from their chins to their waiſtbands: by which warlike havoc, his choler being in ſome ſort allayed, he would return to his garriſon with a full conviction, that he was a very miracle of military proweſs.

The next ambition of general Von Poffenburgh was to be thought a ſtrict diſciplinarian. Well knowing that diſcipline is the ſoul of all military enterprize, he enforced it with the moſt rigorous preciſion; obliging every man to turn out his toes, and hold up his head on parade, and preſcribing the breadth of their ruffles to all ſuch as had any ſhirts to their backs.

Having one day, in the courſe of his devout researches in the Bible, (for the pious Æneas himſelf could not exceed him in outward religion) encountered the hiſtory of Abſalom and his melancholy end, the general, in an evil hour, iſſued orders for cropping the hair of both officers and men throughout the garriſon. Now it came to paſs, that among his officers was one Kildermeeſter; a ſturdy veteran, who had cheriſhed through the courſe of a long life, a rugged mop of hair, not a little reſembling the ſhag of a Newfoundland dog; terminating with an immoderate queue, like the handle of a frying pan; and queued ſo tightly to his head, that his eyes and mouth generally ſtood ajar, and his eye-brows were drawn up to the top of his forehead. It may naturally be ſuppoſed that the poſſeſſor of ſo goodly an appendage

would refiſt with abhorrence an order condemning it to the ſhears. Sampſon himſelf could not have held his locks more ſacred, and on hearing the general orders, he diſcharged a tempeſt of veteran, ſoldier-like oaths, and dunder and blixums—ſwore he would break any man's head who attempted to meddle with his tail—queued it ſtiffer than ever, and whiſked it about the garriſon, as fiercely as the tail of a crocodile.

The eel-ſkin queue of old Kildermeeſter became inſtantly an affair of the utmoſt importance. The commander in chief was too enlightened an officer not to perceive that the diſcipline of the garriſon, the ſubordination and good order of the *armies* of the Nieuw-Nederlandts, the conſequent ſafety of the whole province, and ultimately the dignity and proſperity of their high mightineſſes, the lords ſtates general, but above all, the dignity of the great general Von Poffenburgh, all imperiouſly demanded the docking of that ſtubborn queue. He therefore determined that old Kildermeeſter ſhould be publicly ſhorn of his glories in preſence of the whole garriſon—the old man as reſolutely ſtood on the defenſive—whereupon the general, as became a great man, was highly exaſperated, and the offender was arreſted and tried by a court martial for mutiny, deſertion, and all the other liſt of offences noticed in the articles of war, ending with a "videlicit, in wearing an ell-ſkin queue, three feet long, contrary

to orders"—Then came on arraignments, and trials, and pleadings, and the whole country was in a ferment about this unfortunate queue. As it is well known that the commander of a diſtant frontier poſt has the power of acting pretty much after his own will, there is little doubt but that the veteran would have been hanged or ſhot at leaſt, had he not luckily fallen ill of a fever, through mere chagrin and mortification—and moſt flagitiouſly deſerted from all earthly command, with his beloved locks unviolated. His obſtinacy remained unſhaken to the very laſt moment, when he directed that he ſhould be carried to his grave with his eel-ſkin queue ſticking out of a hole in his coffin.

This magnanimous affair obtained the general great credit as an excellent diſciplinarian, but it is hinted that he was ever after ſubject to bad dreams, and fearful viſitations in the night—when the grizly ſpectrum of old Kildermeeſter would ſtand centinel by his bed ſide, erect as a pump, his enormous queue ſtrutting out like the handle.

BOOK VI.

Containing the second part of the reign of Peter the Headstrong—and his gallant achievements on the Delaware.

CHAP. I.

In which is exhibited a warlike portrait of the great Peter—And how general Von Poffenburgh distinguished himself at Fort Casimir.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valourous Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectation; but now the war drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude clash of hostile arms, speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions and voluptuous ease; where, in the dulcet, "piping time of peace," he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's syren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's

brows; no more entwines with flowers his ſhining ſword, nor through the live-long lazy ſummer's day chaunts forth his loveſick ſoul in madrigals. To manhood rouſed, he ſpurns the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of ſteel. O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved; where wanton roſes breathed enervate love, he rears the beaming caſque and nodding plume; graſps the bright ſhield and ſhakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery ſteed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry!

But ſoft, worthy reader! I would not have you imagine, that any *preux chevalier*, thus hideouſly begirt with iron, exiſted in the city of New-Amſterdam.—This is but a lofty and gigantic mode in which heroic writers always talk of war, thereby to give it a noble and impoſing aſpect; equipping our warriors with bucklers, helms and lances, and ſuch like outlandiſh and obſolete weapons, the like of which perchance they had never ſeen or heard of; in the ſame manner that a cunning ſtatuary arrays a modern general or an admiral in the accoutrements of a Cæſar or an Alexander. The ſimple truth then of all this oratorical flouriſh is this—that the valiant Peter Stuyveſant all of a ſudden found it neceſſary to ſcour his truſty blade, which too long had ruſted in its ſcabbard, and prepare himſelf to undergo thoſe hardy

toils of war, in which his mighty ſoul ſo much delighted.

Methinks I at this moment behold him in my imagination—or rather, I behold his goodly portrait, which ſtill hangs up in the family manſion of the Stuyveſants—arrayed in all the terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimental coat of German blue, gorgeouſly decorated with a goodly ſhow of large braſs buttons, reaching from his waiſtband to his chin. The voluminous ſkirts turned up at the corners, and ſeparating gallantly behind, ſo as to diſplay the ſeat of a ſumptuous pair of brimſtone coloured trunk breeches—a graceful ſtyle ſtill prevalent among the warriors of our day, and which is in conformity to the cuſtom of ancient heroes, who ſcorned to defend themſelves in rear.—His face rendered exceeding terrible and warlike by a pair of black muſtachios; his hair ſtrutting out on each ſide in ſtiffly pomatumed ear locks, and deſcending in a rat tail queue below his waiſt; a ſhining ſtock of black leather ſupporting his chin, and a little, but fierce cocked hat ſtuck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye. Such was the chivalric port of Peter the Headſtrong; and when he made a ſudden halt, planted himſelf firmly on his ſolid ſupporter, with his wooden leg inlaid with ſilver, a little in advance, in order to ſtrengthen his poſition, his right hand graſping a gold headed cane, his left reſting upon the pummel of his ſword; his head dreſſing ſpiritedly to the right, with a moſt appalling

and hard favoured frown upon his brow—he preſented altogether one of the moſt commanding, bitter looking, and ſoldierlike figures that ever ſtrutted upon canvaſs.—Proceed we now to inquire the cauſe of this warlike preparation.

The encroaching diſpoſition of the Swedes, on the ſouth, or Delaware river, has been duly recorded in the chronicles of the reign of William the Teſty. Theſe encroachments having been endured with that heroic magnanimity, which is the corner ſtone, or, according to Ariſtotle, the left hand neighbour of true courage, had been repeated and wickedly aggravated.

The Swedes, who were of that claſs of cunning pretenders to Chriſtianity, who read the Bible upſide down, whenever it interferes with their intereſts, inverted the golden maxim, and when their neighbour ſuffered them to ſmite him on the one cheek, they generally ſmote him on the other alſo, whether turned to them or not. Their repeated aggreſſions had been among the numerous ſources of vexation, that conſpired to keep the irritable ſenſibilities of Wilhelmus Kieft in a conſtant fever, and it was only owing to the unfortunate circumſtance, that he had always a hundred things to do at once, that he did not take ſuch unrelenting vengeance as their offences merited. But they had now a chieftain of a different character to deal with; and they were ſoon guilty of

a piece of treachery, that threw his honeſt blood in a ferment, and precluded all further ſufferance.

Printz, the governor of the province of New-Sweden, being either deceaſed or removed, for of this fact ſome uncertainty exiſts, was ſucceeded by Jan Riſingh, a gigantic Swede, and who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and ſplay-footed, might have ſerved for the model of a Sampſon, or a Hercules. He was no leſs rapacious than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious; ſo that, in fact, there is very little doubt, had he lived ſome four or five centuries before, he would have been one of thoſe wicked giants, who took ſuch a cruel pleaſure in pocketing diſtreſſed damſels, when gadding about the world, and locking them up in enchanted caſtles, without a toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience.—In conſequence of which enormities, they fell under the high diſpleaſure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights were inſtructed to attack and ſlay outright any miſcreant they might happen to find, above ſix feet high; which is doubtleſs one reaſon that the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages ſo exceeding ſmall.

No ſooner did governor Riſingh enter upon his office, than he immediately caſt his eyes upon the important poſt of Fort Caſimir, and formed the righteous reſolution of taking it into his poſſeſſion. The only thing that remained to conſider, was the

mode of carrying his reſolution into effect; and here I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that he exhibited a humanity rarely to be met with among leaders, and which I have never ſeen equalled in modern times, excepting among the Engliſh, in their glorious affair at Copenhagen. Willing to ſpare the effuſion of blood, and the miſeries of open warfare, he benevolently ſhunned every thing like avowed hoſtility or regular ſiege, and reſorted to the leſs glorious, but more merciful expedient of treachery.

Under pretence therefore, of paying a neighbourly viſit to general Von Poffenburgh, at his new poſt of Fort Caſimir, he made requiſite preparation, ſailed in great ſtate up the Delaware, diſplayed his flag with the moſt ceremonious punctilio, and honoured the fortreſs with a royal ſalute, previous to dropping anchor. The unuſual noiſe awakened a veteran Dutch centinel, who was napping faithfully at his poſt, and who having ſuffered his match to go out, contrived to return the compliment, by diſcharging his ruſty muſket with the ſpark of a pipe, which he borrowed from one of his comrades. The ſalute indeed would have been anſwered by the guns of the fort, had they not unfortunately been out of order, and the magazine deficient in ammunition—accidents to which forts have in all ages been liable, and which were the more excuſeable in the preſent inſtance, as Fort Caſimir had only been erected

about two years, and general Von Poffenburgh, its mighty commander, had been fully occupied with matters of much greater importance.

Riſingh, highly ſatisfied with this courteous reply to his ſalute, treated the fort to a ſecond, for he well knew its commander was marvellouſly delighted with theſe little ceremonials, which he conſidered as ſo many acts of homage paid unto his greatneſs. He then landed in great ſtate, attended by a ſuite of thirty men—a prodigious and vainglorious retinue, for a petty governor of a petty ſettlement, in thoſe days of primitive ſimplicity; and to the full as great an army as generally ſwells the pomp and marches in the rear of our frontier commanders at the preſent day.

The number in fact might have awakened ſuſpicion, had not the mind of the great Von Poffenburgh been ſo completely engroſſed with an all pervading idea of himſelf, that he had not room to admit a thought beſides. In fact he conſidered the concourſe of Riſingh's followers as a compliment to himſelf—ſo apt are great men to ſtand between themſelves and the ſun, and completely eclipſe the truth by their own ſhadow.

It may readily be imagined how much general Von Poffenburgh was flattered by a viſit from ſo auguſt a perſonage; his only embarraſſment was, how he ſhould receive him in ſuch a manner as to appear to the greateſt advantage, and make the

moſt advantageous impreſſion. The main guard was ordered immediately to turn out, and the arms and regimentals (of which the garriſon poſſeſſed full half a dozen ſuits) were equally diſtributed among the ſoldiers. One tall lank fellow appeared in a coat intended for a ſmall man, the ſkirts of which reached a little below his waiſt, the buttons were between his ſhoulders, and the ſleeves half way to his wriſts, ſo that his hands looked like a couple of huge ſpades—and the coat not being large enough to meet in front, was linked together by loops, made of a pair of red worſted garters. Another had an old cocked hat, ſtuck on the back of his head and decorated with a bunch of cocks tails—a third had a pair of ruſty gaiters hanging about his heels—while a fourth, who was a ſhort duck legged little Trojan, was equipped in a huge pair of the general's caſt off breeches, which he held up with one hand, while he graſped his firelock with the other. The reſt were accoutred in ſimilar ſtyle, excepting three graceleſs raggamuffins, who had no ſhirts and but a pair and half of breeches between them, wherefore they were ſent to the black hole, to keep them out of view. There is nothing in which the talents of a prudent commander are more completely teſtified, than in thus ſetting matters off to the greateſt advantage; and it is for this reaſon that our frontier poſts at the preſent day (that of Niagara for example) diſplay their

beſt ſuit of regimentals on the back of the centinel who ſtands in ſight of travellers.

His men being thus gallantly arrayed—thoſe who lacked muſkets ſhouldering ſpades and pick axes, and every man being ordered to tuck in his ſhirt tail and pull up his brogues, general Von Poffenburgh firſt took a ſturdy draught of foaming ale, which like the magnanimous More of More-hall* was his invariable practice on all great occaſions—which done he put himſelf at their head, ordered the pine planks, which ſerved as a drawbridge, to be laid down, and iſſued forth from his caſtle, like a mighty giant, juſt refreſhed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a ſcene of warlike parade and chivalric courteſy, that beggars all deſcription. Riſingh, who, as I before hinted, was a ſhrewd, cunning politician, and had grown grey much before his time, in conſequence of his craftineſs, ſaw at one glance the ruling paſſion of the great Von Poffenburgh, and humoured him in all his valorous fantaſies.

Their detachments were accordingly drawn up in front of each other; they carried arms, and they preſented arms; they gave the ſtanding ſalute and the paſſing ſalute—They rolled their drums, they flou-

* "——————— as ſoon as he roſe,
To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, ſix pots of ale,
And a quart of Aqua Vitæ."

riſhed their fifes, and they waved their colours—they faced to the left, and they faced to the right, and they faced to the right about—They wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled into *echellon*—They marched and they countermarched, by grand diviſions, by ſingle diviſions, and by ſub-diviſions—by platoons, by ſections, and by files—in quick time, in ſlow time, and in no time at all; for, having gone through all the evolutions of two great armies, including the eighteen manœuvres of Dundas, having exhauſted all that they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including ſundry ſtrange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never ſeen before or ſince, excepting among certain of our newly raiſed militia, the two great commanders and their reſpective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhauſted by the toils of war—Never did two valiant train band captains, or two buſkin'd theatric heroes, in the renowned tragedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroical and fighting tragedy, marſhal their gallows-looking, duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons with more glory and ſelf-admiration.

Theſe military compliments being finiſhed, general Von Poffenburgh eſcorted his illuſtrious viſitor, with great ceremony into the fort; attended him throughout the fortifications; ſhowed him the horn works, crown works, half moons, and various other outworks; or rather the places where they ought to be

erected; and where they might be erected if he pleaſed; plainly demonſtrating that it was a place of "great capability," and though at preſent but a little redoubt, yet that it evidently was a formidable fortreſs, in embryo. This ſurvey over, he next had the whole garriſon put under arms, exerciſed and reviewed, and concluded by ordering the three bridewell birds to be hauled out of the black hole, brought up to the halberts, and ſoundly flogged, for the amuſement of his viſitor, and to convince him that he was a great diſciplinarian.

There is no error more dangerons than for a commander to make known the ſtrength, or, as in the preſent caſe, the weakneſs of his garriſon; this will be exemplified before I have arrived to an end of my preſent ſtory, which thus carries its moral, like a roaſted gooſe his pudding in the very middle. The cunning Riſingh, while he pretended to be ſtruck dumb outright, with the puiſſance of the great Von Poffenburgh, took ſilent note of the incompetency of his garriſon, of which he gave a hint to his truſty followers, who tipped each other the wink, and laughed moſt obſtreperouſly—in their ſleeves.

The inſpection, review, and flogging being concluded, the party adjourned to the table; for among his other great qualities, the general was remarkably addicted to huge entertainments, or rather carouſals, and in one afternoon's campaign would leave more *dead men* on the field, than he ever did in the whole

courſe of his military career. Many bulletins of theſe bloodleſs victories do ſtill remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze, by the return of one of his campaigns; wherein it was ſtated, that though, like captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him, yet in the ſhort ſpace of ſix months he had conquered and utterly annihilated ſixty oxen, ninety hogs, one hundred ſheep, ten thouſand cabbages, one thouſand buſhels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty kilderkins of ſmall beer, two thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-five pipes, ſeventy-eight pounds of ſugar plumbs, and forty bars of iron, beſides ſundry ſmall meats, game, poultry, and garden ſtuff. An achievment unparalleled ſince the days of Pantagruel and his all devouring army, and which ſhowed that it was only neceſſary to let bellipotent Von Poffenburgh and his garriſon looſe in an enemies' country, and in a little while they would breed a famine, and ſtarve all the inhabitants.

No ſooner, therefore, had the general received the firſt intimation of the viſit of governor Riſingh, than he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately ſent out a detachment of his moſt experienced veterans, to rob all the hen-rooſts in the neighbourhood, and lay the pig-ſtyes under contribution; a ſervice to which they had been long inured, and which they diſcharged with ſuch incredible zeal and promptitude, that the garriſon table groaned under the weight of their ſpoils.

I wiſh, with all my heart, my readers could ſee the valiant Von Poffenburgh, as he preſided at the head of the banquet; it was a ſight worth beholding —there he ſat, in his greateſt glory, ſurrounded by his ſoldiers, like that famous wine bibber, Alexander, whoſe thirſty virtues he did moſt ably imitate—telling aſtounding ſtories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits, at which, though all his auditors knew them to be moſt incontinent and outrageous gaſconadoes, yet did they caſt up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of aſtoniſhment. Nor could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remoteſt ſemblance to a joke, but the ſtout Riſingh would ſtrike his brawny fiſt upon the table till every glaſs rattled again, throwing himſelf back in his chair, and uttering gigantic peals of laughter, ſwearing moſt horribly, it was the beſt joke he ever heard in his life.—Thus all was route and revelry and hideous carouſal within Fort Caſimir, and ſo luſtily did Von Poffenburgh ply the bottle, that in leſs than four ſhort hours he made himſelf, and his whole garriſon, who all ſedulouſly emulated the deeds of their chieftain, dead drunk, in ſinging ſongs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toaſts, none of which but was as long as a Welſh pedigree or a plea in chancery.

No ſooner did things come to this paſs, than the crafty Riſingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themſelves ſober, roſe on their entertainers, tied

them neck and heels, and took formal poſſeſſion of of the fort, and all its dependencies, in the name of queen Chriſtina of Sweden: adminiſtering at the ſame time an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch ſoldiers who could be made ſober enough to ſwallow it. Riſingh then put the fortifications in order; appointed his diſcreet and vigilant friend Suen Scutz, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command, and departed bearing with him this truly amiable garriſon, and their puiſſant commander; who when brought to himſelf by a ſound drubbing, bore no little reſemblance to a "deboſhed fiſh;" or bloated ſea monſter, caught upon dry land.

The tranſportation of the garriſon was done to prevent the tranſmiſſion of intelligence to New-Amſterdam; for much as the cunning Riſingh exulted in his ſtratagem, he dreaded the vengeance of the ſturdy Peter Stuyveſant; whoſe name ſpread as much terror in the neighbourhood, as did whilom that of the unconquerable Scanderbeg among his ſcurvy enemies the Turks.

CHAP. II.

Shewing how profound secrets are often brought to light; with the proceedings of Peter the Headstrong when he heard of the misfortune of General Von Poffenburgh.

WHOEVER firſt deſcribed common fame, or rumour, as belonging to the ſager ſex, was a very owl for ſhrewdneſs. She has in truth certain feminine qualities to an aſtoniſhing degree; particularly that benevolent anxiety to take care of the affairs of others, which keeps her continually hunting after ſecrets, and gadding about, proclaiming them. Whatever is done openly and in the face of the world, ſhe takes but tranſient notice of, but whenever a tranſaction is done in a corner, and attempted to be ſhrouded in myſtery, then her goddeſſhip is at her wit's end to find it out, and takes a moſt miſchievous and lady-like pleaſure in publiſhing it to the world. It is this truly feminine propenſity that induces her continually to be prying into cabinets of princes, liſtening at the key holes of ſenate chambers, and peering through chinks and crannies, when our worthy Congreſs are ſitting with

cloſed doors, deliberating between a dozen excellent modes of ruining the nation. It is this which makes her ſo obnoxious to all wary ſtateſmen and intriguing commanders—ſuch a ſtumbling block to private negotiations and ſecret expeditions; which ſhe often betrays, by means and inſtruments which never would have been thought of by any but a female head.

Thus it was in the caſe of the affair of Fort Caſimir. No doubt the cunning Riſingh imagined, that by ſecuring the garriſon, he ſhould for a long time prevent the hiſtory of its fate from reaching the ears of the gallant Stuyveſant; but his exploit was blown to the world when he leaſt expected it, and by one of the laſt beings he would ever have ſuſpected of enliſting as trumpeter to the wide mouthed deity.

This was one Dirk Schuiler (or Skulker) a kind of hanger on to the garriſon; who ſeemed to belong to nobody, and in a manner to be ſelf out-lawed. He was one of thoſe vagabond Coſmopolites, who ſhark about the world, as if they had no right or buſineſs in it, and who infeſt the ſkirts of ſociety, like poachers and interlopers. Every garriſon and country village has one or more ſcape goats of this kind, whoſe life is a kind of enigma, whoſe exiſtence is without motive, who comes from the Lord knows where, who lives the Lord knows how, and ſeems to be made for no other earthly purpoſe but to keep up the ancient and honourable order of idleneſs—

This vagrant philoſopher was ſuppoſed to have ſome Indian blood in his veins, which was manifeſted by a certain Indian complexion and caſt of countenance; but more eſpecially by his propenſities and habits. He was a tall, lank fellow, ſwift of foot and long-winded. He was generally equipped in a half Indian dreſs, with belt, leggings, and moccaſons. His hair hung in ſtraight gallows locks, about his ears, and added not a little to his ſharking demeanour. It is an old remark, that perſons of Indian mixture are half civilized, half ſavage, and half devil, a third half being expreſsly provided for their particular convenience. It is for ſimilar reaſons, and probably with equal truth, that the back-wood-men of Kentucky are ſtyled half man, half horſe, and half alligator, by the ſettlers on the Miſſiſſippi, and held accordingly in great reſpect and abhorrence.

The above character may have preſented itſelf to the garriſon as applicable to Dirk Schuiler, whom they familiarly dubbed Gallows Dirk. Certain it is, he acknowledged allegiance to no one—was an utter enemy to work, holding it in no manner of eſtimation—but lounged about the fort, depending upon chance for a ſubſiſtence, getting drunk whenever he could get liquor, and ſtealing whatever he could lay his hands on. Every day or two he was ſure to get a ſound rib-roaſting for ſome of his miſdemeanors, which however, as it broke no bones, he made very light of, and ſcrupled not to repeat the offence, when-

ever another opportunity presented. Sometimes in consequence of some flagrant villainy, he would abscond from the garrison, and be absent for a month at a time; skulking about the woods and swamps, with a long fowling piece on his shoulder, laying in ambush for game—or squatting himself down on the edge of a pond catching fish for hours together, and bearing no little resemblance to that notable bird ycleped the Mud-poke. When he thought his crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, he would sneak back to the fort with a bundle of skins, or a bunch of poultry, which perchance he had stolen, and would exchange them for liquor, with which, having well soaked his carcass, he would lay in the sun and enjoy all the luxurious indolence of that swinish philosopher Diogenes. He was the terror of all the farm yards in the country, into which he made fearful inroads; and sometimes he would make his sudden appearance at the garrison at day break, with the whole neighbourhood at his heels, like a scoundrel thief of a fox, detected in his maraudings and hunted to his hole. Such was this Dirk Schuiler; and from the total indifference he shewed to the world or its concerns, and from his truly Indian stoicism and taciturnity, no one would ever have dreamt that he would have been the publisher of the treachery of Risingh.

When the carousal was going on, which proved so fatal to the brave Von Poffenburgh and his watchful garrison, Dirk skulked about from room to room,

being a kind of privileged vagrant, or uſeleſs hound, whom nobody noticed. But though a fellow of few words, yet like your taciturn people, his eyes and ears were always open, and in the courſe of his prowlings he overheard the whole plot of the Swedes. Dirk immediately ſettled in his own mind, how he ſhould turn the matter to his own advantage. He played the perfect jack-of-both-ſides—that is to ſay, he made a prize of every thing that came in his reach, robbed both parties, ſtuck the copper bound cocked hat of the puiſſant Von Poffenburgh, on his head, whipped a huge pair of Riſingh's jack boots under his arm, and took to his heels, juſt before the catastrophe and confuſion at the garriſon.

Finding himſelf completely diſlodged from his haunt in this quarter, he directed his flight towards his native place, New-Amſterdam, from whence he had formerly been obliged to abſcond precipitately, in conſequence of misfortune in buſineſs—that is to ſay, having been detected in the act of ſheep ſtealing. After wandering many days in the woods, toiling through ſwamps, fording brooks, ſwimming various rivers, and encountering a world of hardſhips, that would have killed any other being, but an Indian, a back-wood-man, or the devil, he at length arrived, half famiſhed, and lank as a ſtarved weazle, at Communipaw, where he ſtole a canoe, and paddled over to New-Amſterdam. Immediately on landing, he repaired to governor Stuyveſant, and in more wo

than he had ever ſpoken before, in the whole courſe of his life, gave an account of the diſaſtrous affair.

On receiving theſe direful tidings, the valiant Peter ſtarted from his ſeat, as did the ſtout king Arthur when at "merry Carleile," the news was brought him of the uncourteous miſdeeds of the "grim barone"—without uttering a word, he daſhed the pipe he was ſmoking againſt the back of the chimney—thruſt a prodigious quid of negro head tobacco into his left cheek—pulled up his galligaſkins, and ſtrode up and down the room, humming, as was cuſtomary with him when in a paſſion, a hideous north-weſt ditty. But, as I have before ſhown, he was not a man to vent his ſpleen in idle vapouring. His firſt meaſure after the paroxyſm of wrath had ſubſided, was to ſtump up ſtairs, to a huge wooden cheſt, which ſerved as his armoury, from whence he drew forth that identical ſuit of regimentals deſcribed in the preceding chapter. In theſe portentous habiliments he arrayed himſelf, like Achilles in the armour of Vulcan, maintaining all the while a moſt appalling ſilence, knitting his brows, and drawing his breath through his clinched teeth. Being haſtily equipped, he ſtrode down into the parlour, jerked down his truſty ſword, from over the fire place, where it was uſually ſuſpended; but before he girded it on his thigh he drew it from his ſcabbard, and as his eye courſed along the ruſty blade, a grim ſmile ſtole over his iron viſage—It was the firſt ſmile that had viſited his countenance

for five long weeks; but every one who beheld it, propheſied that there would ſoon be warm work in the province!

Thus armed at all points, with grizly war depicted in each feature, his very cocked hat aſſuming an air of uncommon defiance, he inſtantly put himſelf on the alert, and diſpatched Antony Van Corlear hither and thither, this way and that way, through all the muddy ſtreets and crooked lanes of the city, ſummoning by ſound of trumpet his truſty peers to aſſemble in inſtant council.—This done, by way of expediting matters, according to the cuſtom of people in a hurry, he kept in continual buſtle, ſhifting from chair to chair, popping his head out of every window, and ſtumping up and down ſtairs with his wooden leg in ſuch briſk and inceſſant motion, that, as we are informed by an authentic hiſtorian of the times, the continual clatter bore no ſmall reſemblance to the muſic of a cooper hooping a flour barrel.

A ſummons ſo peremptory, and from a man of the governor's mettle was not to be trifled with; the ſages forthwith repaired to the council chamber, where the gallant Stuyveſant entered in martial ſtyle, and took his chair, like another Charlemagne, among his Paladins. The counſellors ſeated themſelves with the utmoſt tranquillity, and lighting their long pipes, gazed with unruffled compoſure on his excellency and his regimentals; being, as all counſellors ſhould be, not eaſily fluſtered, or taken by ſurpriſe. The

governor, looking around for a moment with a lofty and ſoldierlike air, and reſting one hand on the pummel of his ſword, and flinging the other forth, in a free and ſpirited manner, addreſſed them in a ſhort, but ſoul-ſtirring harangue.

I am extremely ſorry that I have not the advantages of Livy, Thucydides, Plutarch, and others of my predeceſſors, who were furniſhed, as I am told, with the ſpeeches of all their great emperors, generals, and orators, taken down in ſhort hand, by the moſt accurate ſtenographers of the time; whereby they were enabled wonderfully to enrich their hiſtories, and delight their readers with ſublime ſtrains of eloquence. Not having ſuch important auxiliaries, I cannot poſſibly pronounce what was the tenor of governor Stuyveſant's ſpeech. Whether he with maiden coyneſs hinted to his hearers, that "there was a ſpeck of war in the horiſon;"—that it would be neceſſary to reſort to the "unprofitable trial of which could do each other the moſt harm,"—or any other delicate conſtruction of language, whereby the odious ſubject of war is handled ſo faſtidiouſly by modern ſtateſmen; as a gentleman volunteer handles his filthy ſalt-petre weapons with gloves, leſt he ſhould ſoil his dainty fingers.

I am bold, however, to ſay, from the tenor of Peter Stuyveſant's character, that he did not wrap his rugged ſubject in ſilks and ermines, and other *fickly* trickeries of phraſe; but ſpoke forth, like a

man of nerve and vigour, who ſcorned to ſhrink in words, from thoſe dangers which he ſtood ready to encounter in very deed. This much is certain, that he concluded by announcing his determination of leading on his troops in perſon, and routing theſe coſtard-monger Swedes, from their uſurped quarters at Fort Caſimir. To this hardy reſolution, ſuch of his council as were awake gave their uſual ſignal of concurrence, and as to the reſt, who had fallen aſleep about the middle of the harangue (their "uſual cuſtom in the afternoon")—they made not the leaſt objection.

And now was ſeen in the fair city of New-Amſterdam, a prodigious buſtle and preparation for iron war. Recruiting parties marched hither and thither, calling luſtily upon all the ſcrubs, the runagates and tatterdemalions of the Manhattoes and its vicinity, who had any ambition of ſix-pence a day, and immortal fame into the bargain, to enliſt in the cauſe of glory. For I would have you note that your warlike heroes who trudge in the rear of conquerors, are generally of that illuſtrious claſs of gentlemen, who are equal candidates for the army or the bridewell—the halberts or the whipping poſt—for whom dame fortune has caſt an even die, whether they ſhall make their exit by the ſword or the halter—and whoſe deaths ſhall, at all events, be a lofty example to their countrymen.

But notwithſtanding all this martial rout and invitation, the ranks of honour were but ſcantily ſupplied; ſo averſe were the peaceful burghers of New-Amſterdam from enliſting in foreign broils, or ſtirring beyond that home, which rounded all their earthly ideas. Upon beholding this, the great Peter, whoſe noble heart was all on fire with war and ſweet revenge, determined to wait no longer for the tardy aſſiſtance of theſe oily citizens, but to muſter up his merry men of the Hudſon; who, brought up among woods and wilds and ſavage beaſts, like our yeomen of Kentucky, delighted in nothing ſo much as deſperate adventures and perilous expeditions through the wilderneſs. Thus reſolving, he ordered his truſty ſquire Antony Van Corlear, to have his ſtate galley prepared and duly victualled; which being performed, he attended public ſervice at the great Church of St. Nicholas, like a true and pious governor, and then leaving peremptory orders with his council to have the chivalry of the Manhattoes marſhalled out and appointed againſt his return, departed upon his recruiting voyage, up the waters of the Hudſon.

CHAP. III.

Containing Peter Stuyvesant's voyage up the Hudson, and the wonders and delights of that renowned river.

Now did the soft breezes of the south, steal sweetly over the beauteous face of nature, tempering the panting heats of summer into genial and prolific warmth: when that miracle of hardihood and chivalric virtue, the dauntless Peter Stuyvesant, spread his canvas to the wind, and departed from the fair island of Mannahata. The galley in which he embarked was sumptuously adorned with pendants and streamers of gorgeous dyes, which fluttered gaily in the wind, or drooped their ends in the bosom of the stream. The bow and poop of this majestic vessel were gallantly bedight, after the rarest Dutch fashion, with figures of little pursy cupids with periwigs on their heads, and bearing in their hands garlands of flowers, the like of which are not to be found in any book of botany; being the matchless flowers which flourished in the golden age, and exist no longer, unless it be in the imaginations of ingenious carvers of wood and discolourers of canvas.

Thus rarely decorated, in ſtyle befitting the ſtate of the puiſſant potentate of the Manhattoes, did the galley of Peter Stuyveſant launch forth upon the boſom of the lordly Hudſon; which, as it rolled its broad waves to the ocean, ſeemed to pauſe for a while and ſwell with pride, as if conſcious of the illuſtrious burthen it ſuſtained.

But truſt me gentlefolk, far other was the ſcene preſented to the contemplation of the crew, from that which may be witneſſed at this degenerate day. Wildneſs and ſavage majeſty reigned on the borders of this mighty river—the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid low the dark foreſts, and tamed the features of the landſcape—nor had the frequent ſail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful ſolitude of ages. Here and there might be ſeen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column off ſmoke mounting in the tranſparent atmoſphere—but ſo loftily ſituated that the whoopings of the ſavage children, gambolling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almoſt as faintly on the ear, as do the notes of the lark, when loſt in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then from the beetling brow of ſome rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the ſplendid pageant as it paſſed below; and then, toſſing his branching antlers in the air, would bound away into the thickets of the foreſt.

Through ſuch ſcenes did the ſtately veſſel of Peter Stuyveſant paſs. Now did they ſkirt the baſes of the rocky heights of Jerſey, which ſpring up like everlaſting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens; and were faſhioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long paſt, by the mighty ſpirit Manetho, to protect his favourite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gaily acroſs the vaſt expanſe of Tappan Bay, whoſe wide extended ſhores preſent a vaſt variety of delectable ſcenery—here the bold promontory, crowned with embowring trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland ſlope, ſweeping up from the ſhore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a diſtance a long waving line of rocky heights, threw their gigantic ſhades acroſs the water. Now would they paſs where ſome modeſt little interval, opening among theſe ſtupendous ſcenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighbouring mountains, diſplayed a rural paradiſe, fraught with ſweet and paſtoral beauties; the velvet tufted lawn—the buſhy copſe—the tinkling rivulet, ſtealing through the freſh and vivid verdure—on whoſe banks was ſituated ſome little Indian village, or peradventure, the rude cabin of ſome ſolitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day ſeemed each with cunning magic, to diffuſe a different charm

over the ſcene. Now would the jovial ſun break glorioufly from the eaſt, blazing from the ſummits of the eaſtern hills and ſparkling the landſcape with a thouſand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were ſeen heavy maſſes of miſt, which like midnight caitiffs, diſturbed at his approach, made a ſluggiſh retreat, rolling in ſullen reluctance up the mountains. At ſuch times all was brightneſs and life and gaiety—the atmoſphere ſeemed of an indeſcribable pureneſs and tranſparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freſhening breezes wafted the veſſel merrily on her courſe. But when the ſun ſunk amid a flood of glory in the weſt, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thouſand gorgeous dyes—then all was calm and ſilent and magnificent. The late ſwelling ſail hung lifeleſsly againſt the maſt—the ſimple ſeaman with folded arms leaned againſt the ſhrouds, loſt in that involuntary muſing which the ſober grandeur of nature commands in the rudeſt of her children. The vaſt boſom of the Hudſon was like an uruffled mirror, reflecting the golden ſplendour of the heavens, excepting that now and then a bark canoe would ſteal acroſs its ſurface, filled with painted ſavages, whoſe gay feathers glared brightly, as perchance a lingering ray of the ſetting ſun, gleamed upon them from the weſtern mountains.

But when the hour of twilight ſpread its magic miſts around, then did the face of nature

aſſume a thouſand fugitive charms, which to the worthy heart that ſeeks enjoyment in the glorious works of its maker, are inexpreſſibly captivating. The mellow dubious light that prevailed, juſt ſerved to tinge with illuſive colours, the ſoftened features of [illegible]ry. The deceived but delighted eye fought vainly to diſcern in the broad maſſes of ſhade, the ſeparating line between the land and water; or to diſtinguiſh the fading objects that ſeemed ſinking into chaos. Now did the buſy fancy ſupply the feebleneſs of viſion, producing with induſtrious craft a fairy creation of her own. Under her plaſtic wand the barren rocks frowned upon the watery waſte, in the ſemblance of lofty towers and high embattled caſtles—trees aſſumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inacceſſible ſummits of the mountains ſeemed peopled with a thouſand ſhadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the ſhores the notes of an innumerable variety of inſects, who filled the air with a ſtrange but not inharmonious concert—while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, perched on ſome lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his inceſſant moanings. The mind, ſoothed into a hallowed melancholy by the ſolemn myſtery of the ſcene, liſtened with penſive ſtillneſs to catch and diſtinguiſh each ſound, that vaguely echoed from the ſhore—now and then ſtartled perchance by the whoop of ſome ſtraggling

ſavage, or the dreary howl of ſome caitiff wolf, ſtealing forth upon his nightly prowlings.

Thus happily did they purſue their courſe, until they entered upon thoſe awful defiles denominated THE HIGHLANDS, where it would ſeem that the gigantic Titans had erſt waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vaſt maſſes of rock in wild confuſion. But in ſooth very different is the hiſtory of theſe cloud-capt mountains.—Theſe in ancient days, before the Hudſon poured his waters from the lakes, formed one vaſt priſon, within whoſe rocky boſom the omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious ſpirits who repined at his controul. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or cruſhed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age.—At length the conquering Hudſon, in his irreſiſtible career towards the ocean, burſt open their priſon houſe, rolling his tide triumphantly through its ſtupendous ruins.

Still, however, do many of them lurk about their old abodes; and theſe it is, according to venerable legends, that cauſe the echoes which reſound throughout theſe awful ſolitudes; which are nothing but their angry clamours when any noiſe diſturbs the profoundneſs of their repoſe.—For when the elements are agitated by tempeſt, when the winds are up and and the thunder rolls, then horrible is the yelling and howling of theſe troubled ſpirits, making the mountains to rebellow with their hideous uproar;

for at ſuch times it is ſaid, that they think the great Manetho is returning once more to plunge them in gloomy caverns, and renew their intolerable captivity.

But all theſe fair and glorious ſcenes were loſt upon the gallant Stuyveſant; naught occupied his mind but thoughts of iron war, and proud anticipations of hardy deeds of arms. Neither did his honeſt crew trouble their vacant heads with any romantic ſpeculations of the kind. The pilot at the helm quietly ſmoked his pipe, thinking of nothing either paſt preſent or to come—thoſe of his comrades who were not induſtriouſly ſnoring under the hatches were liſtening with openmouths to Antony Van Corlear; who, ſeated on the windlaſs, was relating to them the marvellous hiſtory of thoſe myriads of fire flies, that ſparkled like gems and ſpangles upon the duſky robe of night. Theſe, according to tradition, were originally a race of peſtilent ſempiternous beldames, who peopled theſe parts long before the memory of man; being of that abominated race emphatically called *brimſtones*; and who for their innumerable ſins againſt the children of men, and to furniſh an awful warning to the beauteous ſex, were doomed to infeſt the earth in the ſhape of theſe threatening and terrible little bugs; enduring the internal torments of that fire, which they formerly carried in their hearts and breathed forth in their words; but now are ſentenced to bear about for ever—in their tails!

And now am I going to tell a fact, which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then that the nose of Antony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flaggon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below—Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind one of the high bluffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the founder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster being with infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavour, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people.*

* The learned Hans Megapolensis, treating of the country about

When this aſtoniſhing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyveſant, and that he taſted of the unknown fiſh, he, as may well be ſuppoſed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Anthony's Nose* to a ſtout promontory in the neighbourhood—and it has continued to be called Anthony's Noſe ever ſince that time.

But hold—Whither am I wandering?—By the maſs, if I attempt to accompany the good Peter Stuyveſant on this voyage, I ſhall never make an end; for never was there a voyage ſo fraught with marvellous incidents, nor a river ſo abounding with tranſcendant beauties, worthy of being ſeverally recorded. Even now I have it on the point of my pen to relate, how his crew were moſt horribly frightened, on going on ſhore above the highlands, by a gang of merry roiſtering devils, friſking and curvetting on a huge flat rock, which projected into the river—and which is called the *Duyvel's Dans-Kamer* to this very day—But no! Diedrich Knickerbocker—it becomes thee not to idle thus in thy hiſtoric way-faring.

Recollect that while dwelling with the fond garrullity of age over theſe fairy ſcenes, endeared to thee by the recollections of thy youth, and the charms of a thouſand legendary tales which beguiled the

Albany in a letter which was written some time after the settlement thereof, says, "There is in the river great plenty of Sturgeon, which we Christians do not make use of; but the Indians eate them greedilie."

ſimple ear of thy childhood; recollect that thou art trifling with thoſe fleeting moments which ſhould be devoted to loftier themes.—Is not time—relentleſs time!—ſhaking, with palſied hand, his almoſt exhauſted hour glaſs before thee?—haſten then to purſue thy weary taſk, leſt the laſt ſands be run, ere thou haſt finiſhed thy hiſtory of the Manhattoes.

Let us then commit the dauntleſs Peter, his brave galley and his loyal crew to the protection of the bleſſed St. Nicholas; who I have no doubt will proſper him in his voyage, while we await his return at the great city of New-Amſterdam.

CHAP. IV.

Describing the powerful army that assembled at the city of New-Amsterdam—together with the interview between Peter the Headstrong, and general Von Poffenburgh, and Peter's sentiments touching unfortunate great men.

WHILE thus the enterprising Peter was coasting, with flowing sail, up the shores of the lordly Hudson, and arousing all the phlegmatic little Dutch settlements upon its borders, a great and puissant concourse of warriors was assembling at the city of New-Amsterdam. And here that invaluable fragment of antiquity, the Stuyvesant manuscript, is more than commonly particular; by which means I am enabled to record the illustrious host that encamped itself in the public square, in front of the fort, at present denominated the Bowling Green.

In the centre then, was pitched the tent of the men of battle of the Manhattoes, who being the inmates of the metropolis, composed the life guards of the governor. These were commanded by the valiant Stoffel Brinkerhoof, who whilom had acquired immortal fame at Oyster Bay—they displayed

[illegible]d, a beaver *rampant* on a field of orange; being the [illegible]ms of the province, and denoting the perſevering induſtry, and the amphibious origin of the Nederlanders.*

On [illegible]ir right hand might be ſeen the vaſſals of that [illegible]wned Mynher, Michael Paw,† who lorded it over the fair regions of ancient Pavonia, and the lands away ſouth, even unto the Naveſink mountains,‡ and was moreover patroon of Gibbet-Iſland. His ſtandard was borne by his truſty ſquire, Cornelius Van Vorſt; conſiſting of a huge oyſter *recumbent* upon a ſea-green field; being the armorial bearings of his favourite metropolis, Communipaw. He brought to the camp a ſtout force of warriors, heavily armed; being each clad in ten pair of linſey woolſey breeches, and overſhadowed by broad brimmed beavers, with ſhort pipes twiſted in their hatbands. Theſe were the men who vegetated in the mud along the ſhores

* This was likewise the great seal of the New-Netherlands, as may still be seen in ancient records.

† Besides what is related in the Stuyvesant MS. I have found mention made of this illustrious Patroon in another manuscript, which says: "De Heer (or the Squire) Michael Paw, a Dutch subject, about 10th Aug. 1630, by deed purchased Staten-Island. N. B. The same Michael Paw had what the Dutch call a colonie at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore, opposite New-York, and his overseer in 1636, was named Cornis. Van Vorst—a person of the same name in 1769, owned Pawles Hook, and a large farm at Pavonia, and is a lineal descendant from Van Vorst."

‡ So called from the Navesink tribe of Indians that inhabited these parts—at present they are erroneously denominated the Neversink, or Neversunk mountains.

of Pavonia; being of the race of genuine copper-heads, and were fabled to have ſprung from oyſters.

At a little diſtance was encamped the tribe of warriors who came from the neighbourhood of Hell-Gate. Theſe were commanded by the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, incontinent hard ſwearers, as their names betoken—they were terrible looking fellows, clad in broad ſkirted gaberdines, of that curious coloured cloth, called thunder and lightning—and bore as a ſtandard three Devil's-darning-needles, *volant*, in a flame coloured field.

Hard by was the tent of the men of battle from the marſhy borders of the Wael-bogtig,* and the country thereabouts—theſe were of a ſour aſpect, by reaſon that they lived on crabs, which abound in theſe parts. They were the firſt inſtitutors of that honourable order of knighthood, called *Fly market ſhirks*, and if tradition ſpeak true, did likewiſe introduce the far-famed ſtep in dancing, called "double trouble." They were commanded by the fearleſs Jacobus Varra Vanger, and had moreover a jolly band of Breukelen† ferry-men, who performed a brave concerto on conch ſhells.

But I refrain from purſuing this minute deſcription, which goes on to deſcribe the warriors of Bloe-

* I. E. The *Winding Bay*, named from the winding of its ſhores. This has ſince been corrupted by the vulgar into the *Wallabout*, and is the baſin which ſhelters our infant navy.

† Now ſpelt Brooklyn.

men dael, and Wee-hawk, and Hoboken, and ſundry other places, well known in hiſtory and ſong—for now does the ſound of martial muſic alarm the people of New-Amſterdam, ſounding afar from beyond the walls of the city. But this alarm was in a little while relieved, for lo, from the midſt of a vaſt cloud of duſt, they recognized the brimſtone coloured breeches, and ſplendid ſilver leg of Peter Stuyveſant, glaring in the ſun beams; and beheld him approaching at the head of a formidable army, which he had muſtered along the banks of the Hudſon. And here the excellent, but anonymous writer of the Stuyveſant manuſcript breaks out into a brave and glorious deſcription of the forces, as they defiled through the principal gate of the city, that ſtood by the head of Wall-ſtreet.

Firſt of all came the Van Bummels, who inhabit the pleaſant borders of the Bronx—Theſe were ſhort fat men, wearing exceeding large trunk breeches, and are renowned for feats of the trencher—they were the firſt inventors of ſuppawn or muſh and milk—Cloſe in their rear marched the Van Vlotens, of Kaats kill, moſt horrible quaffers of new cyder, and arrant braggarts in their liquor—After them came the Van Pelts of Groodt Eſopus, dextrous horſemen, mounted upon goodly ſwitch tailed ſteeds of the Eſopus breed—theſe were mighty hunters of minks and muſk rats, whence came the word *Peltry*—Then the Van Neſts of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of

bird's neſts, as their name denotes; to theſe, if report may be believed, are we indebted for the invention of ſlap jacks, or buck-wheat cakes.—Then the Van Higginbottoms, of Wapping's creek; theſe came armed with ferules and birchen rods, being a race of ſchool-maſters, who firſt diſcovered the marvellous ſympathy between the ſeat of honour and the ſeat of intellect—and that the ſhorteſt way to get knowledge into the head, was to hammer it into the bottom.—Then the Van Grolls, of Anthony's Noſe, who carried their liquor in fair round little pottles, by reaſon they could not bouſe it out of their canteens, having ſuch rare long noſes.—Then the Gardeniers, of Hudſon and thereabouts, diſtinguiſhed by many triumphant feats, ſuch as robbing water melon patches, ſmoking rabbits out of their holes, and the like; and by being great lovers of roaſted pig's tails; theſe were the anceſtors of the renowned congreſs man of that name.—Then the Van Hoeſens, of Sing-Sing, great choriſters and players upon the jews harp; theſe marched two and two, ſinging the great ſong of St. Nicholas.—Then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow, theſe gave birth to a jolly race of publicans, who firſt diſcovered the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine into a pint bottle.—Then the Van Kortlandts, who lived on the wild banks of the Croton, and were great killers of wild ducks, being much ſpoken of for their ſkill in ſhooting with the long bow.—Then the Van Bunſchotens, of Nyack and Kakiat, who were the firſt

that did ever kick with the left foot; they were gallant buſh-whackers and hunters of racoons by moonlight.—Then the Van Winkles, of Haerlem, potent fuckers of eggs, and noted for running of horſes, and running up of ſcores at taverns; they were the firſt that ever winked with both eyes at once.—Laſtly came the KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of Scaghtikoke, where the folk lay ſtones upon the houſes in windy weather, leſt they ſhould be blown away. Theſe derive their name, as ſome ſay, from *Knicker*, to ſhake, and *Beker*, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were ſturdy toſs pots of yore; but, in truth, it was derived from *Knicker*, to nod, and *Boeken*, books; plainly meaning that they were great nodders or dozers over books—from them did deſcend the writer of this hiſtory.

Such was the legion of ſturdy buſh beaters that poured in at the grand gate of New-Amſterdam; the Stuyveſant manuſcript indeed ſpeaks of many more, whoſe names I omit to mention, ſeeing that it behoves me to haſten to matters of greater moment. Nothing could ſurpaſs the joy and martial pride of the lion hearted Peter, as he reviewed this mighty hoſt of warriors, and he determined no longer to defer the gratification of his much wiſhed for revenge, upon the ſcoundrel Swedes at Fort Caſimir.

But before I haſten to record thoſe unmatchable events, which will be found in the ſequel of this faithful hiſtory, let me pauſe to notice the fate of

Jacobus Von Poffenburgh, the diſcomfited commander in chief of the armies of the New-Netherlands. Such is the inherent uncharitableneſs of human nature, that ſcarcely did the news become public of his deplorable diſcomfiture at Fort Caſimir, than a thouſand ſcurvy rumours were ſet afloat in New-Amſterdam, wherein it was inſinuated, that he had in reality a treacherous underſtanding with the Swediſh commander; that he had long been in the practice of privately communicating with the Swedes; together with divers hints about "ſecret ſervice money"—To all which deadly charges I do not give a jot more credit than I think they deſerve.

Certain it is, that the general vindicated his character by the moſt vehement oaths and proteſtations, and put every man out of the ranks of honour who dared to doubt his integrity. Moreover, on returning to New-Amſterdam, he paraded up and down the ſtreets with a crew of hard ſwearers at his heels—ſturdy bottle companions, whom he gorged and fattened, and who were ready to bolſter him through all the courts of juſtice—Heroes of his own kidney, fierce whiſkered, broad ſhouldered, colbrand looking ſwaggerers—not one of whom but looked as though he could eat up an ox, and pick his teeth with the horns. Theſe life guard men quarrelled all his quarrels, were ready to fight all his battles, and ſcowled at every man that turned up his noſe at the general, as though they would devour him

alive. Their converſation was interſperſed with oaths like minute guns, and every bombaſtic rodomontado was rounded off by a thundering execration, like a patriotic toaſt honoured with a diſcharge of artillery.

All theſe valorous vapourings had a conſiderable effect in convincing certain profound ſages, many of whom began to think the general a hero of unutterable loftineſs and magnanimity of ſoul, particularly as he was continually proteſting *on the honour of a ſoldier*—a marvelouſly high ſounding aſſeveration. Nay one of the members of the council went ſo far as to propoſe they ſhould immortalize him by an imperiſhable ſtatue of plaſter of Paris.

But the vigilant Peter the Headſtrong was not thus to be deceived—Sending privately for the commander in chief of all the armies, and having heard all his ſtory, garniſhed with the cuſtomary pious oaths, proteſtations and ejaculations—"Harkee, comrade," cried he, "though by your own account you are the moſt brave, upright and honourable man in the whole province, yet do you lie under the misfortune of being damnably traduced, and immeaſureably deſpiſed. Now though it is certainly hard to puniſh a man for his misfortunes, and though it is very poſſible you are totally innocent of the crimes laid to your charge, yet as heaven, at preſent, doubtleſs for ſome wiſe purpoſe, ſees fit to withhold all proofs of your innocence, far be it from me to coun-

teract its ſovereign will. Beſide, I cannot conſent to venture my armies with a commander whom they deſpiſe, or to truſt the welfare of my people to a champion whom they diſtruſt. Retire therefore my friend, from the irkſome toils and cares of public life, with this comforting reflection—that if you be guilty, you are but enjoying your juſt reward—and if innocent, that you are not the firſt great and good man, who has moſt wrongfully been ſlandered and maltreated in this wicked world—doubtleſs to be better treated in a better world, where there ſhall be neither error, calumny nor perſecution.—In the mean time let me never ſee your face again, for I have a horrible antipathy to the countenances of unfortunate great men like yourſelf."

CHAP. V.

In which the Author discourses very ingenuously of himself.—After which is to be found much interesting history about Peter the Headstrong and his followers.

As my readers and myſelf are about entering on as many perils, as ever a confederacy of meddleſome knights-errant wilfully ran their heads into; it is meet that like thoſe hardy adventurers, we ſhould join hands, bury all differences, and ſwear to ſtand by one another, in weal or woe, to the end of the enterprize. My readers muſt doubtleſs perceive, how completely I have altered my tone and deportment, ſince we firſt ſet out together. I warrant they then thought me a crabbed, cynical, impertinent little ſon of a Dutchman; for I ſcarcely ever gave them a civil word, nor ſo much as touched my beaver, when I had occaſion to addreſs them. But as we jogged along together, in the high-road of my hiſtory, I gradually began to relax, to grow more courteous, and occaſionally to enter into familiar diſcourſe, until at length I came to conceive a moſt ſocial, companionable kind of regard for them. This is juſt my way—I am always

a little cold and reſerved at firſt, particularly to people, whom I neither know nor care for, and am only to be completely won by long intimacy.

Beſides, why ſhould I have been ſociable to the crowd of how-d'ye-do acquaintances, that flocked around me at my firſt appearance? Many were merely attracted by a new face; and having ſtared me full in the title page, walked off without ſaying a word; while others lingered yawningly through the preface, and having gratified their ſhortlived curioſity, ſoon dropped off one by one. But more eſpecially to try their mettle, I had recourſe to an expedient, ſimilar to one, which we are told was uſed, by that peerleſs flower of chivalry, king Arthur; who, before he admitted any knight to his intimacy, firſt required that he ſhould ſhow himſelf ſuperior to danger or hardſhips, by encountering unheard of miſhaps, ſlaying ſome dozen giants, vanquiſhing wicked enchanters, not to ſay a word of dwarfs, hyppogriffs and fiery dragons. On a ſimilar principle, I cunningly led my readers, at the firſt ſally, into two or three knotty chapters, where they were moſt woefully belaboured and buffetted, by a hoſt of pagan philoſophers and infidel writers. Though naturally a very grave man, yet could I ſcarce refrain from ſmiling outright at ſeeing the utter confuſion and diſmay of my valiant cavaliers—ſome dropped down dead (aſleep) on the field; others threw down my book in the middle of the firſt chapter, took to their heels, an

never ceaſed ſcampering until they had fairly run it out of ſight; when they ſtopped to take breath, to tell their friends what troubles they had undergone, and to warn all others from venturing on ſo thankleſs an expedition. Every page thinned my ranks more and more; and of the vaſt multitude that firſt ſet out, but a comparatively few made ſhift to ſurvive, in exceedingly battered condition, through the five introductory chapters.

What then! would you have had me take ſuch ſun ſhine, faint hearted recreants to my boſom, at our firſt acquaintance? No—no; I reſerved my friendſhip for thoſe who deſerved it; for thoſe who undauntedly bore me company, in deſpite of difficulties, dangers, and fatigues. And now, as to thoſe who adhere to me at preſent, I take them affectionately by the hand—Worthy and thrice beloved readers! brave and well tried comrades! who have faithfully followed my footſteps through all my wanderings—I ſalute you from my heart—I pledge myſelf to ſtand by you to the laſt; and to conduct you (ſo heaven ſpeed this truſty weapon which I now hold between my fingers) triumphantly to the end of this our ſtupendous undertaking.

But hark! while we are thus talking, the city of New-Amſterdam is in a buſtle. The gallant hoſt of warriors encamped in the Bowling Green are ſtriking their tents; the brazen trumpet of Antony Van Corlear makes the welkin to reſound with portentous

clangour—the drums beat—the ſtandards of the Manhattoes, of Hell-gate, and of Michael Paw wave proudly in the air. And now behold where the mariners are buſily employed, hoiſting the ſails of yon top ſail ſchooner, and thoſe two clump built Albany ſloops, which are to waft the army of the Nederlanders to gather immortal honours on the Delaware!

The entire population of the city, man woman and child, turned out to behold the chivalry of New-Amſterdam, as it paraded the ſtreets previous to embarkation. Many a handkerchief was waved out of the windows; many a fair noſe was blown in melodious ſorrow, on the mournful occaſion. The grief of the fair dames and beauteous damſels of Grenada could not have been more vociferous on the baniſhment of the gallant tribe of Abencerrages, than was that of the kind hearted fair ones of New-Amſterdam, on the departure of their intrepid warriors. Every love ſick maiden fondly crammed the pockets of her hero with gingerbread and dough-nuts—many a copper ring was exchanged and crooked ſixpence broken, in pledge of eternal conſtancy—and there remain extant to this day ſome love verſes written on that occaſion, ſufficiently crabbed and incomprehenſible to confound the whole univerſe.

But it was a moving ſight to ſee the buxom laſſes, how they hung about the doughty Antony Van Corlear—for he was a jolly, roſy faced, lucky bachelor, fond of his joke, and withal a deſperate rogue among

the women. Fain would they have kept him to comfort them while the army was away; for beſides what what I have ſaid of him, it is no more than juſtice to add, that he was a kind hearted ſoul, noted for his benevolent attentions in comforting diſconſolate wives during the abſence of their huſbands—and this made him to be very much regarded by the honeſt burghers of the city. But nothing could keep the valiant Antony from following the heels of the old governor, whom he loved as he did his very ſoul—ſo embracing all the young vrouws, and giving every one of them that had good teeth and roſy lips, a dozen hearty ſmacks—he departed loaded with their kind wiſhes.

Nor was the departure of the gallant Peter among the leaſt cauſes of public diſtreſs. Though the old governor was by no means indulgent to the follies and waywardneſs of his ſubjects, yet ſome how or other he had become ſtrangely popular among the people. There is ſomething ſo captivating in perſonal bravery, that, with the common maſs of mankind, it takes the lead of moſt other merits. The ſimple folk of New-Amſterdam looked upon Peter Stuyveſant as a prodigy of valour. His wooden leg, that trophy of his martial encounters, was regarded with reverence and admiration. Every old burgher had a budget of miraculous ſtories to tell about the exploits of Hardkoppig Piet, wherewith he regaled his children, of a long winter night; and on which he dwelt with as much delight and exaggeration, as

do our honeſt country yeomen on the hardy adventures of old general Putnam (or as he is familiarly termed, *Old Put*) during our glorious revolution—Not an individual but verily believed the old governor was a match for Belzebub himſelf; and there was even a ſtory told, with great myſtery, and under the roſe, of his having ſhot the devil with a ſilver bullet one dark ſtormy night, as he was ſailing in a canoe through Hell-gate—But this I do not record as being an abſolute fact—periſh the man who would let fall a drop to diſcolour the pure ſtream of hiſtory!

Certain it is, not an old woman in New-Amſterdam but conſidered Peter Stuyveſant as a tower of ſtrength, and reſted ſatisfied, that the public welfare was ſecure ſo long as he was in the city. It is not ſurpriſing then that they looked upon his departure as a ſore affliction. With heavy hearts they draggled at the heels of his troop, as they marched down to the river ſide to embark. The governor from the ſtern of his ſchooner, gave a ſhort, but truly patriarchal addreſs to his citizens; wherein he recommended them to comport like loyal and peaceful ſubjects—to go to Church regularly on Sundays, and to mind their buſineſs all the week beſides—That the women ſhould be dutiful and affectionate to their huſbands—looking after no body's concerns but their own: eſchewing all goſſippings, and morning gaddings—and carrying ſhort tongues and long petticoats. That the men ſhould abſtain from intermeddling in

public concerns, entrusting the cares of government to the officers appointed to support them—staying home, like good citizens, making money for themselves, and getting children for the benefit of their country. That the burgomasters should look well to the public interest—not oppressing the poor, nor indulging the rich—not tasking their security to devise new laws, but faithfully enforcing those which were already made—rather bending their attention to prevent evil than to punish it; ever recollecting that civil magistrates should consider themselves more as guardians of public morals, than rat catchers employed to entrap public delinquents. Finally, he exhorted them, one and all, high and low, rich and poor, to conduct themselves *as well as they could*; assuring them that if they faithfully and conscientiously complied with this golden rule, there was no danger but that they would all conduct themselves well enough.—This done, he gave them a paternal benediction; the sturdy Antony sounded a most loving farewell with his trumpet, the jolly crews put up a lusty shout of triumph, and the invincible armada swept off proudly down the bay.

The good people of New-Amsterdam crowded down to the battery—that blest retreat, from whence so many a tender prayer has been wafted, so many a fair hand waved, so many a tearful look been cast by lovelick damsel, after the lessening bark, which bore her adventurous swain to distant climes!—Here the

populace watched with ſtraining eyes the gallant ſquadron, as it ſlowly floated down the bay, and when the intervening land at the Narrows ſhut it from their ſight, gradually diſperſed with ſilent tongues and downcaſt countenances.

A heavy gloom hung over the late buſtling city—The honeſt burghers ſmoked their pipes in profound thoughtfulneſs, caſting many a wiſtful look to the weather cock, on the church of St. Nicholas; and all the old women, having no longer the preſence of Peter Stuyveſant to hearten them, gathered their children home, and barricadoed the doors and windows every evening at ſun down.

In the mean while the armada of the ſturdy Peter proceeded proſperouſly on its voyage, and after encountering about as many ſtorms and water ſpouts and whales, and other horrors annd phenomena, as generally befal adventurous landſmen, in perilous voyages of the kind; and after undergoing a ſevere ſcouring from that deplorable and unpitied malady called ſea ſickneſs; the whole ſquadron arrived ſafely in the Delaware.

Without ſo much as dropping anchor and giving his wearied ſhips time to breathe after labouring ſo long in the ocean, the intrepid Peter purſued his courſe up the Delaware, and made a ſudden appearance before Fort Caſimir. Having ſummoned the aſtoniſhed garriſon by a terrific blaſt from the trumpet of the long winded Van Corlear, he demanded, in

tone of thunder, an inſtant ſurrender of the fort. To this demand, Suen Scutz, the wind dried commandant, replied in a ſhrill, whiffling voice, which, by reaſon of his extreme ſpareneſs, ſounded like the wind whiſtling through a broken bellows—"that he had no very ſtrong reaſons for refuſing, except that the demand was particularly diſagreeable, as he had been ordered to maintain his poſt to the laſt extremity." He requeſted time, therefore, to conſult with governor Riſingh, and propoſed a truce for that purpoſe.

The choleric Peter, indignant at having his rightful fort ſo treacherouſly taken from him, and thus pertinaceouſly withheld, refuſed the propoſed armiſtice, and ſwore by the pipe of St. Nicholas, which like the ſacred fire was never extinguiſhed, that unleſs the fort were ſurrendered in ten minutes, he would incontinently ſtorm the works, make all the garriſon run the gauntlet, and ſplit their ſcoundrel of a commander, like a pickled ſhad. To give this menace the greater effect, he drew forth his truſty ſword, and ſhook it at them with ſuch a fierce and vigorous motion, that doubtleſs, if it had not been exceeding ruſty, it would have lightened terror into the eyes and hearts of the enemy. He then ordered his men to bring a broadſide to bear upon the fort, conſiſting of two ſwivels, three muſkets, a long duck fowling piece and two brace of horſe piſtols.

In the mean time the ſturdy Van Corlear marſhalled all his forces, and commenced his warlike operations.—Diſtending his cheeks like a very Boreas, he kept up a moſt horrific twanging of his trumpet —the luſty choriſters of Sing-Sing broke forth into a hideous ſong of battle—the warriors of Breukelen and the Wael bogtig blew a potent and aſtounding blaſt on their conch ſhells,—all together forming as outrageous a concerto, as though five thouſand French orcheſtras were diſplaying their ſkill in a modern overture.

Whether the formidable front of war thus ſuddenly preſented, ſmote the garriſon with ſore diſmay—or whether the concluding terms of the ſummons, which mentioned that he ſhould ſurrender "at diſcretion" were miſtaken by Suen Scutz, who though a Swede, was a very conſiderate eaſy tempered man—as a compliment to his diſcretion, I will not take upon me to ſay; certain it is, he found it impoſſible to reſiſt ſo courteous a demand. Accordingly, in the very nick of time, juſt as the cabin boy had gone after a coal of fire, to diſcharge the ſwivel, a chamade was beat on the rampart, by the only drum in the garriſon, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of both parties; who, notwithſtanding their great ſtomach for fighting, had full as good an inclination, to eat a quiet dinner, as to exchange black eyes and bloody noſes.

Thus did this impregnable fortreſs, once more return to the domination of their high mightineſſes;

Scutz and his garriſon of twenty men, were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and the victorious Peter, who was as generous as brave, permitted them to keep poſſeſſion of all their arms and ammunition—the ſame on inſpection being found totally unfit for ſervice, having long ruſted in the magazine of the fortreſs, even before it was wreſted by the Swedes from the magnanimous, but windy Von Poffenburgh. But I muſt not omit to mention, that the governor was ſo well pleaſed with the ſervices of his faithful ſquire Van Corlear, in the reduction of this great fortreſs, that he made him on the ſpot, lord of a goodly domain in the vicinity of New-Amſterdam—which goes by the name of Corlear's Hook, unto this very day.*

The unexampled liberality of the valiant Stuyvefant, towards the Swedes occaſioned great ſurprize in the city of New-Amſterdam—nay, certain of thoſe factious individuals, who had been enlightened by the political meetings, that prevailed during the days of William the Teſty—but who had not dared to indulge their meddleſome habits, under the eye of their preſent ruler; now emboldened by his abſence, dared even to give vent to their cenſures in the ſtreets—Murmurs, were heard in the very council chamber of New-Amſterdam; and there is no knowing whe-

* De Vriez makes mention, in one of his voyages, of *Corlear's Hoeck*, and *Corlear's Plantagie*, or *Bouwery*.

ther they would not have broken out into downright ſpeeches and invectives, had not Peter Stuyveſant privately ſent home his walking ſtaff, to be laid as a mace on the table of the council chamber, in the midſt of his counſellors; who, like wiſe men took the hint, and forever after held their peace.

CHAP. VI.

Showing the great advantage that the author has over his reader in time of battle—together with divers portentous movements; which betoken that something terrible is about to happen.

LIKE as a mighty alderman, when at a corporation feaſt the firſt ſpoonful of turtle ſoup ſalutes his palate, feels his impatient appetite but ten fold quickened, and redoubles his vigorous attacks upon the tureen, while his voracious eyes, projecting from his head, roll greedily round devouring every thing at table—ſo did the mettleſome Peter Stuyveſant, feel that intolerable hunger for martial glory, which raged within his very bowels, inflamed by the capture of Fort Caſimer, and nothing could allay it but the conqueſt of all New Sweden. No ſooner therefore had he ſecured his conqueſt, than he ſtumped reſolutely on, fluſhed with ſucceſs, to gather freſh laurels at Fort Chriſtina.*

This was the grand Swediſh poſt, eſtabliſhed on a ſmall river (or as it is improperly termed, creek) of the ſame name; and here that crafty governor Jan

* This is at present a flourishing town called Christiana, or Christeen, about thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, on the post road to Baltimore.

Riſingh, lay grimly drawn up, like a grey bearded ſpider in the citadel of his web.

But before we hurry into the direful ſcenes that muſt attend the meeting of two ſuch potent chieftains it is adviſable that we pauſe for a moment, and hold a kind of warlike council. Battles ſhould not be ruſhed into precipitately by the hiſtorian and his readers, any more than by the general and his ſoldiers. The great commanders of antiquity never engaged the enemy, without previouſly preparing the minds of their followers by animating harangues; ſpiriting them up to heroic feelings, aſſuring them of the protection of the gods and inſpiring them with a confidence in the proweſs of their leaders. So the hiſtorian ſhould awaken the attention and enliſt the paſſions of his readers, and having ſet them all on fire with the importance of his ſubject, he ſhould put himſelf at their head, flouriſh his pen and lead them on to the thickeſt of the fight.

An illuſtrious example of this rule may be ſeen in that mirror of hiſtorians the immortal Thucydides. Having arrived at the breaking out of the Peloponneſian war, one of his commentators obſerves that "he "founds the charge in all the diſpoſition and ſpirit of "Homer. He catalogues the allies on both ſides. He "awakens our expectations, and faſt engages our atten- "tion. All mankind are concerned in the important "point now going to be decided. Endeavours are made "to diſcloſe futurity. Heaven itſelf is intereſted in

"the diſpute. The earth totters, and nature ſeems "to labour with the great event. This is his ſolemn "ſublime manner of ſetting out. Thus he magni- "fies a war between two, as Rapin ſtyles them, "petty ſtates; and thus artfully he ſupports a little "ſubject by treating it in a great and noble me- "thod."*

In like manner, having conducted my readers into the very teeth of peril—having followed the adventurous Peter and his band into foreign regions—ſurrounded by foes, and ſtunned by the horrid din of arms—at this important moment, while darkneſs and doubt hang o'er each coming chapter, I hold it meet to harangue them, and prepare them for the events that are to follow.

And here I would premiſe one great advantage which, as the hiſtorian, I poſſeſs over my reader; and this it is, that though I cannot ſave the life of my favourite here, nor abſolutely contradict the event of a battle, (both which liberties, though often taken by the French writers of the preſent reign, I hold to be utterly unworthy of a ſcrupulous hiſtorian) yet I can now and then make him beſtow on his enemy a ſturdy back ſtroke, ſufficient to fell a giant; though in honeſt truth, he may never have done any thing of the kind—or I can drive his antagoniſt clear round and round the field, as did Homer

* Smith's Thucyd. Vol. I. p. lxx.

make that fine fellow Hector ſcamper like a poltroon round the walls of Troy; for which, if ever they have encountered one another in the Elyſian fields, I'll warrant the prince of poets has had to make the moſt humble apology.

I am aware that many conſcientious readers will be ready to cry out "foul play!" whenever I render a little aſſiſtance to my hero—but I conſider it one of thoſe privileges exerciſed by hiſtorians of all ages—and one which has never been diſputed. In fact, an hiſtorian is, as it were, bound in honour to ſtand by his hero—the fame of the latter is entruſted to his hands, and it is his duty to do the beſt by it he can. Never was there a general, an admiral, or any other commander, who, in giving an account of any battle he had fought, did not ſorely belabour the enemy; and I have no doubt that, had my heroes written the hiſtory of their own achievements, they would have dealt much harder blows than any that I ſhall recount. Standing forth, therefore, as the guardian of their fame, it behoves me to do them the ſame juſtice they would have done themſelves; and if I happen to be a little hard upon the Swedes, I give free leave to any of their deſcendants, who may write a hiſtory of the State of Delaware, to take fair retaliation, and belabour Peter Stuyveſant as hard as they pleaſe.

Therefore ſtand by for broken heads and bloody noſes!—my pen has long itched for a battle—ſiege

after ſiege have I carried on, without blows or bloodſhed; but now I have at length got a chance, and I vow to heaven and St. Nicholas, that, let the chronicles of the times ſay what they pleaſe, neither Salluſt, Livy, Tacitus, Polybius, nor any other battle monger of them all, did ever record a fiercer fight, than that in which my valiant chieftains are now about to engage.

And you, oh moſt excellent readers, whom, for your faithful adherence, I could cheriſh in the warmeſt corner of my heart—be not uneaſy—truſt the fate of our favourite Stuyveſant to me—for by the rood, come what may, I'll ſtick by Hard-koppig Piet to the laſt; I'll make him drive about theſe loſels vile, as did the renowned Launcelot of the lake, a herd of recreant Corniſh Knights—and if he does fall, let me never draw my pen to fight another battle, in behalf of a brave man, if I don't make theſe lubberly Swedes pay for it!

No ſooner had Peter Stuyveſant arrived before fort Chriſtina than he proceeded without delay to entrench himſelf, and immediately on running his firſt parallel, diſpatched Antony Van Corlear to ſummon the fortreſs to ſurrender. Van Corlear was received with all due formality, hoodwinked at the portal, and conducted through a peſtiferous ſmell of ſalt fiſh and onions, to the citadel, a ſubſtantial hut built of pine logs. His eyes were here uncovered, and he found himſelf in the auguſt preſence of governor

Riſingh. This chieftain, as I have before noted, was a very giantly man; and was clad in a coarſe blue coat, ſtrapped round the waiſt with a leathern belt, which cauſed the enormous ſkirts and pockets to ſet off with a very warlike ſweep. His ponderous legs were caſed in a pair of foxy coloured jack boots, and he was ſtraddling in the attitude of the Coloſſus of Rhodes, before a bit of broken looking-glaſs, ſhaving himſelf with a villanouſly dull razor. This afflicting operation cauſed him to make a ſeries of horrible grimaces, that heightened exceedingly the griſly terrors of his viſage. On Antony Van Corlear's being announced, the grim commander pauſed for a moment, in the midſt of one of his moſt hard favoured contortions, and after eyeing him aſkance over the ſhoulder, with a kind of ſnarling grin on his countenance, reſumed his labours at the glaſs.

This iron harveſt being reaped, he turned once more to the trumpeter, and demanded the purport of his errand. Antony Van Corlear delivered in a few words, being a kind of ſhort hand ſpeaker, a long meſſage from his excellency, recounting the whole hiſtory of the province, with a recapitulation of grievances, and enumeration of claims, and concluding with a peremptory demand of inſtant ſurrender; which done, he turned aſide, took his noſe between his thumb and finger, and blew a tremendous blaſt, not unlike the flouriſh of a trumpet of defiance—which

it had doubtleſs learned from a long and intimate neighbourhood with that melodious inſtrument.

Governor Riſingh heard him through, trumpet and all, but with infinite impatience; leaning at times, as was his uſual cuſtom, on the pommel of his ſword, and at times twirling a huge ſteel watch chain, or ſnapping his fingers. Van Corlear having finiſhed, he bluntly replied, that Peter Stuyveſant and his ſummons might go to the D——l, whither he hoped to ſend him and his crew of raggamuffins before ſupper time. Then unſheathing his braſs hilted ſword, and throwing away the ſcabbard—"Fore gad," quod he, "but I will not ſheathe thee again, until I make a ſcabbard of the ſmoke dried leathern hide, of this runagate Dutchman." Then having flung a fierce defiance in the teeth of his adverſary, by the lips of his meſſenger, the latter was reconducted to the portal, with all the ceremonious civility due to the trumpeter, ſquire and ambaſſador of ſo great a commander, and being again unblinded, was courteouſly diſmiſſed with a tweak of the noſe, to aſſiſt him in recollecting his meſſage.

No ſooner did the gallant Peter receive this inſolent reply, than he let fly a tremendous volley of red hot execrations, that would infallibly have battered down the fortifications, and blown up the powder magazine, about the ears of the fiery Swede, had not the ramparts been remarkably ſtrong, and the maga*zine* bomb proof. Perceiving that the works with-

ſtood this terrific blaſt, and that it was utterly impoſſible (as it really was in thoſe unphiloſophic days) to carry on a war with words, he ordered his merry men all, to prepare for an immediate aſſault. But here a ſtrange murmur broke out among his troops, beginning with the tribe of the Van Bummels, thoſe valiant trencher men of the Bronx, and ſpreading from man to man, accompanied with certain mutinous looks and diſcontented murmurs. For once in his life, and only for once, did the great Peter turn pale, for he verily thought his warriors were going to faulter in this hour of perilous trial, and thus tarniſh for ever the fame of the province of New-Nederlands.

But ſoon did he diſcover, to his great joy, that in this ſuſpicion he deeply wronged this moſt undaunted army; for the cauſe of this agitation and uneaſineſs ſimply was, that the hour of dinner was at hand, and it would have almoſt broken the hearts of theſe regular Dutch warriors, to have broken in upon the invariable routine of their habits. Beſide it was an eſtabliſhed rule among our valiant anceſtors, always to fight upon a full ſtomach, and to this may be doubtleſs attributed the circumſtance that they came to be ſo renowned in arms.

And now are the hearty men of the Manhattoes, and their no leſs hearty comrades, all luſtily engaged under the trees, buffetting ſtoutly with the contents of their wallets, and taking ſuch affectionate embraces

of their canteens and pottles, as though they verily believed they were to be the laſt. And as I foreſee we ſhall have hot work in a page or two, I adviſe my readers to do the ſame, for which purpoſe I will bring this chapter to a cloſe; giving them my word of honour, that no advantage ſhall be taken of this armiſtice, to ſurpriſe, or in any wiſe moleſt, the honeſt Nederlanders, while at their vigorous repaſt.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the most horrible battle ever recorded in poetry or prose; with the admirable exploits of Peter the Headstrong.

"Now had the Dutchmen ſnatch'd a huge repaſt," and finding themſelves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, ſays the writer of the Stuyveſant manuſcript—Expectation now ſtood on ſtilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather ſtood ſtill, that it might witneſs the affray; like a fat round bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as uſual in ſuch caſes, were turned upon Fort Chriſtina. The ſun, like a little man in a crowd, at a puppet ſhew, ſcampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavouring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds, that obtruded themſelves in his way. The hiſtorians filled their inkhorns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and gooſe-quills, or becauſe they could not get any thing to eat—antiquity ſcowled ſulkily out of its grave, to ſee itſelf outdone—while even poſterity

ſtood mute, gazing in gaping ecſtacy of retroſpection, on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who, whilom had ſeen ſervice at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and ſailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different diſguiſes, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter ſent off his thunderbolt to a noted copperſmith, to have it furbiſhed up for the direful occaſion. Venus ſwore by her chaſtity ſhe'd patronize the Swedes, and in ſemblance of a blear eyed trull, paraded the battlements of Fort Chriſtina, accompanied by Diana, as a ſerjeant's widow, of cracked reputation—The noted bully, Mars, ſtuck two horſe piſtols into his belt, ſhouldered a ruſty firelock, and gallantly ſwaggered at their elbow, as a drunken corporal—while Apollo trudged in their rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing moſt villanouſly out of tune.

On the other ſide, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, diſplayed her haughty beauties on a baggage waggon—Minerva, as a brawny gin ſuttler, tucked up her ſkirts, brandiſhed her fiſts, and ſwore moſt heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch, (having but lately ſtudied the language) by way of keeping up the ſpirits of the ſoldiers; while Vulcan halted as as club-footed blackſmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was ſilent horror, or buſtling preparation; war reared his horrid front,

gnaſhed loud his iron fangs, and ſhook his direful creſt of briſtling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marſhalled out their hoſts. Here ſtood ſtout Riſingh, firm as a thouſand rocks—encruſted with ſtockades and entrenched to the chin in mud batteries—His artillery conſiſting of two ſwivels and a carronade, loaded to the muzzle, the touch holes primed, and a whiskered bombardier ſtationed at each, with lighted match in hand, waiting the word. His valiant infantry lined the breaſt work in grim array, each having his muſtachios fiercely greaſed, and his hair pomatomed back, and queued ſo ſtiffly, that he grinned above the ramparts like a grizly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Hard-koppig Piet,—a ſecond Bayard, without fear or reproach—his brows knit, his teeth clenched, his breath held hard, ruſhing on like ten thouſand bellowing bulls of Baſhan. His faithful ſquire Van Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeouſly bedecked with red and yellow ribbands, the remembrances of his fair miſtreſſes at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on his ſturdy comrades, ſwarming like the myrmidons of Achilles. There were the Van Wycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks—the Van Neſſes, the Van Taſſels, the Van Grolls; the Van Hœſens, the Van Gieſons, and the Van Blarcoms—The Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts.—There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the

Van Bunſchotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arſdales, and the Van Bummels—The Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs, the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools and the Vander Spiegels. —there came the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Roſebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenboſſes, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzs, the Benſons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhorns, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockſtraſſers, the Ten Breecheſes and the Tough Breecheſes, with a hoſt more of valiant worthies, whoſe names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impoſſible for man to utter---all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to uſe the words of a great Dutch poet

.....“ Brimful of wrath and cabbage !”

For an inſtant the mighty Peter pauſed in the midſt of his career, and mounting on a ſtump, addreſſed his troops in eloquent low dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and aſſuring them that if they conquered, they ſhould get plenty of booty—if they fell they ſhould be allowed the unparalleled ſatisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the ſervice of their country—and after they were dead, of ſeeing heir names inſcribed in the temple of renown and

handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of poſterity.—Finally he ſwore to them, on the word of a governor, (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment) that if he caught any mother's ſon of them looking pale, or playing craven, he'd curry his hide till he made him run out of it like a ſnake in ſpring time.—Then lugging out his ruſty ſabre, he brandiſhed it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to ſound a tremendous charge, and ſhouting the word "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageouſly daſhed forwards. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, inſtantly ſtuck them in their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly, under cover of the ſmoke.

The Swediſh garriſon, ordered by the cunning Riſingh not to fire until they could diſtinguiſh the whites of their aſſailants' eyes, ſtood in horrid ſilence on the covert-way, until the eager Dutchman had aſcended the glacis. Then did they pour into them ſuch a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked around, and were terrified even unto an incontinence of water, inſomuch that certain ſprings burſt forth from their ſides, which continue to run unto the preſent day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the the duſt, beneath that dreadful fire, had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken care, that the Swedes ſhould one and all, obſerve their uſual cuſtom of

ſhutting their eyes and turning away their heads, at the moment of diſcharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire, by leaping the counterſcarp, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe, with furious outcries. And now might be ſeen prodigies of valour, of which neither hiſtory nor ſong have ever recorded a parallel. Here was beheld the ſturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandiſhing his luſty quarter ſtaff, like the terrible giant Blanderon his oak tree (for he ſcorned to carry any other weapon,) and drumming a horrific tune upon the heads of whole ſquadrons of Swedes. There were the crafty Van Kortlandts, poſted at a diſtance, like the Locrian archers of yore, and plying it moſt potently with the long bow, for which they were ſo juſtly renowned. At another place were collected on a riſing knoll the valiant men of Sing-Sing, who aſſiſted marvellouſly in the fight, by chaunting forth the great ſong of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudſon, they were abſent from the battle, having been ſent out on a marauding party, to lay waſte the neighbouring water melon patches. In a different part of the field might be ſeen the Van Grolls of Anthony's noſe; but they were horribly perplexed in a defile between two little hills, by reaſon of the length of their noſes. There were the Van Bunſchotens of Nyack and Kakiat, ſo renowned for kicking with the left foot, but their ſkill availed them little at preſent, being ſhort of wind in conſequence of the hearty dinner they had

eaten, and they would irretrievably have been put to rout, had they not been reinforced by a gallant corps of *Voltigeurs*, compoſed of the Hoppers, who advanced to their aſſiſtance nimbly on one foot. Nor muſt I omit to mention the incomparable achievements of Antony Van Corlear, who, for a good quarter of an hour, waged ſtubborn fight with a little purſy Swediſh drummer, whoſe hide he drummed moſt magnificently; and had he not come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet, would infallibly have put him to an untimely end.

But now the combat thickened—on came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Eſopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them—then the Suy Dams and the Van Dams, preſſing forward with many a bluſtering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell-gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gaberdines; and laſtly, the ſtandard bearers and body guards of Peter Stuyveſant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the deſperate ſtruggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic deſperation, the confuſion and ſelf abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempeſt of miſſives. Bang! went the guns—whack! ſtruck the broad ſwords—thump! went the cudgels—

craſh! went the muſket ſtocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—ſcratches—black eyes and bloody noſes ſwelling the horrors of the ſcene! Thick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-ſkelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurley-burley, head over heels, rough and tumble!———Dunder and blixum! ſwore the Dutchmen—ſplitter and ſplutter! cried the Swedes—Storm the works! ſhouted Hardkoppig Peter—fire the mine! roared ſtout Riſingh—Tantara-ra-ra! twang'd the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear—until all voice and ſound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and ſhouts of triumph commingling in one hideous clamour. The earth ſhook as if ſtruck with a paralytic ſtroke—Trees ſhrunk aghaſt, and withered at the ſight—Rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits, and even Chriſtina Creek turned from its courſe, and ran up a mountain in breathleſs terror!

Long hung the conteſt doubtful, for though a heavy ſhower of rain, ſent by the "cloud compelling Jove," in ſome meaſure cooled their ardour, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting maſtiffs, yet did they but pauſe for a moment, to return with tenfold fury to the charge, belabouring each other with black and bloody bruiſes. Juſt at this juncture was ſeen a vaſt and denſe column of ſmoke, ſlowly rolling towards the ſcene of battle, which for a while made even the furious combatants to ſtay their arms in mute aſtoniſhment—but the wind for a moment diſperſing the murky cloud, from the midſt

thereof emerged the flaunting banner of the immortal Michael Paw. This noble chieftain came fearleſsly on, leading a ſolid phalanx of oyſter-fed Pavonians, who had remained behind, partly as a *corps de reserve*, and partly to digeſt the enormous dinner they had eaten. Theſe ſturdy yeomen, nothing daunted, did trudge manfully forward, ſmoking their pipes with outrageous vigour, ſo as to raiſe the awful cloud that has been mentioned; but marching exceedingly ſlow, being ſhort of leg, and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now the protecting deities of the army of New-Amſterdam, having unthinkingly left the field and ſtept into a neighbouring tavern to refreſh themſelves with a pot of beer, a direful cataſtrophe had well nigh chanced to befall the Nederlanders. Scarcely had the myrmidons of the puiſſant Paw attained the front of battle, before the Swedes, inſtructed by the cunning Riſingh, levelled a ſhower of blows, full at their tobacco pipes. Aſtounded at this unexpected aſſault, and totally diſcomfited at ſeeing their pipes broken, the valiant Dutchmen fall in vaſt confuſion—already they begin to fly—like a frightened drove of unwieldy elephants they throw their own army in an uproar, bearing down a whole legion of little Hoppers—the ſacred banner on which is blazoned the gigantic oyſter of Communipaw is trampled in the dirt—The Swedes pluck up new ſpirits, and preſſing on their rear, apply their feet *a parte poste* with a vigour that

prodigiouſly accelerates their motions—nor doth the renowned Paw himſelf fail to receive divers grievous and diſhonourable viſitations of ſhoe leather!

But what, Oh muſe!—was the rage of the gallant Peter, when from afar he ſaw his army yield? With a voice of thunder did he roar after his recreant warriors, putting up ſuch a war-whoop, as did the ſtern Achilles, when the Trojan troops were on the point of burning all his gallies. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage when they heard their leader—or rather they dreaded his fierce diſpleaſure, of which they ſtood in more awe than of all the Swedes in Chriſtendom—but the daring Peter, not waiting for their aid, plunged, ſword in hand, into the thickeſt of the foe. Then did he diſplay ſome ſuch incredible achievements, as have never been known ſince the miraculous days of the giants. Wherever he went the enemy ſhrunk before him—with fierce impetuoſity he puſhed forward, driving the Swedes, like dogs, into their own ditch—but as he fearleſsly advanced, the foe, like ruſhing waves which cloſe upon the ſcudding bark, thronged in his rear, and hung upon his flank with fearful peril. One crafty Swede, advancing warily on one ſide, drove his daſtard ſword full at the hero's heart; but the protecting power that watches over the ſafety of all great and good men turned aſide the hoſtile blade, and directed it to a ſide pocket, where repoſed an enormous iron tobacco box, endowed like the ſhield

of Achilles, with ſupernatural powers—no doubt in conſequence of its being piouſly decorated with a portrait of the bleſſed St. Nicholas. Thus was the dreadful blow repelled, but not without occaſioning to the great Peter a fearful loſs of wind.

Like as a furious bear, when gored by worrying curs, turns fiercely round, gnaſhes his teeth, and ſprings upon the foe, ſo did our hero turn upon the treacherous Swede. The miſerable varlet ſought in flight, for ſafety—but the active Peter, ſeizing him by an immeaſurable queue, that dangled from his head —"Ah, Whoreſon Caterpillar!" roared he, "here is what ſhall make dog's meat of thee!" So ſaying, he whirled his truſty ſword, and made a blow, that would have decapitated him, had he, like Briareus, half a hundred heads, but that the pitying ſteel ſtruck ſhort, and ſhaved the queue for ever from his crown. At this very moment a cunning arquebuſier, perched on the ſummit of a neighbouring mound, levelled his deadly inſtrument, and would have ſent the gallant Stuyveſant, a wailing ghoſt to haunt the Stygian ſhore—had not the watchful Minerva, who had juſt ſtopped to tie up her garter, ſaw the great peril of her favourite chief, and diſpatched old Boreas with his bellows; who, in the very nick of time, juſt as the direful match deſcended to the pan, gave ſuch a lucky blaſt, as blew all the priming from the touch hole!

Thus waged the horrid fight—when the ſtout Riſingh, ſurveying the battle from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his faithful troops, banged, beaten and kicked by the invincible Peter. Language cannot deſcribe the choler with which he was ſeized at the ſight—he only ſtopped for a moment to diſburthen himſelf of five thouſand anathemas; and then drawing his immeaſurable faulchion ſtraddled down to the field of combat, with ſome ſuch thundering ſtrides, as Jupiter is ſaid by Heſiod to have taken, when he ſtrode down the ſpheres, to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

No ſooner did theſe two rival heroes come face to face, than they each made a prodigious ſtart, ſuch as is made by your moſt experienced ſtage champions. Then did they regard each other for a moment, with bitter aſpect, like two furious ram cats, on the very point of a clapper clawing. Then did they throw themſelves in one attitude, then in another, ſtriking their ſwords on the ground, firſt on the right ſide, then on the left, at laſt at it they went, like five hundred houſes on fire! Words cannot tell the prodigies of ſtrength and valour diſplayed on this direful encounter—an encounter, compared to which the far famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of Eneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, or of that renowned Welſh Knight, Sir Owen of the mountains with the giant Guylon, were all gentle ſports and holyday recrea-

tions. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a fearful blow, with the full intention of cleaving his adverſary to the very chine; but Riſingh, nimbly raiſing his ſword, warded it off ſo narrowly, that glancing on one ſide, it ſhaved away a huge canteen that he always carried ſwung on one ſide; thence purſuing its tranchant courſe, it ſevered off a deep coat pocket, ſtored with bread and cheeſe —all which dainties rolling among the armies, occaſioned a fearful ſcrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to ſee his military ſtores thus woefully laid waſte, the ſtout Riſingh collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow, full at the hero's creſt. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppoſe its courſe; the biting ſteel clove through the ſtubborn ram beaver and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that the ſcull was of ſuch adamantine hardneſs, that the brittle weapon ſhivered into pieces, ſhedding a thouſand ſparks, like beams of glory, round his grizly viſage.

Stunned with the blow the valiant Peter reeled, turned up his eyes and beheld fifty thouſand ſuns, beſides moons and ſtars, dancing about the firmament—at length, miſſing his footing, by reaſon of his wooden leg, down he came, on his ſeat of honour, with a craſh that ſhook the ſurrounding hills, and would infallibly have wracked his

anatomical ſyſtem, had he not been received into a cuſhion ſofter than velvet, which providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or ſome kindly cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Riſingh, in deſpite of that noble maxim, cheriſhed by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," haſtened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but juſt as he was ſtooping to give the fatal blow, the ever vigilant Peter beſtowed him a ſturdy thwack over the ſconce, with his wooden leg, that ſat ſome dozen chimes of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede ſtaggered with the blow, and in the mean time the wary Peter, eſpying a pocket piſtol lying hard by (which had dropped from the wallet of his faithful ſquire and trumpeter Van Corlear during his furious encounter with the drummer) diſcharged it full at the head of the reeling Riſingh—Let not my reader miſtake—it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little ſturdy ſtone pottle, charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Van Corlear always carried about him by way of repleniſhing his valour. The hideous miſſive ſung through the air, and true to its courſe, as was the mighty fragment of a rock, diſcharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the huge head of the gigantic Swede with matchleſs violence.

This heaven directed blow decided the eventful battle. The ponderous pericranium of general Jan Riſingh ſunk upon his breaſt; his knees tottered under him; a deathlike torpor ſeized upon his Titan frame, and he tumbled to the earth with ſuch tremendous violence, that old Pluto ſtarted with affright, leſt he ſhould have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the ſignal of defeat and victory—The Swedes gave way—the Dutch preſſed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly purſued —Some entered with them, pell mell, through the ſally port—others ſtormed the baſtion, and others ſcrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the impregnable fortreſs of Fort Chriſtina, which like another Troy had ſtood a ſiege of full ten hours, was finally carried by aſſault, without the loſs of a ſingle man on either ſide. Victory in the likeneſs of a gigantic ox fly, ſat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyveſant, and it was univerſally declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the hiſtory of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a ſufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greateſt heroes in Chriſtendom!

CHAP. VIII.

In which the author and the reader, while reposing after the battle, fall into a very grave discourse—after which is recorded the conduct of Peter Stuyvesant after his victory.

THANKS to St. Nicholas, we have ſafely finiſhed this tremendous battle: let us ſit down, my worthy reader, and cool ourſelves, for I am in a prodigious ſweat and agitation—Truly this fighting of battles is hot work! and if your great commanders did but know what trouble they give their hiſtorians, they would not have the conſcience to achieve ſo many horrible victories. But methinks I hear my reader complain, that throughout this boaſted battle, there is not the leaſt ſlaughter, nor a ſingle individual maimed, if we except the unhappy Swede, who was ſhorn of his queue by the tranchant blade of Peter Stuyveſant, all which, he obſerves, is a great outrage on probability, and highly injurious to the intereſt of the narration.

This is certainly an objection of no little moment, but it ariſes entirely from the obſcurity that envelops the remote periods of time, about which I have

undertaken to write. Thus, though doubtleſs, from the importance of the object, and the proweſs of the parties concerned, there muſt have been terrible carnage, and prodigies of valour diſplayed before the walls of Chriſtina, yet, notwithſtanding that I have conſulted every hiſtory, manuſcript and tradition, touching this memorable, though long forgotten battle, I cannot find mention made of a ſingle man killed or wounded in the whole affair.

This is, without doubt, owing to the extreme modeſty of our forefathers, who, like their deſcendants, were never prone to vaunt of their achievements; but it is a virtue that places their hiſtorian in a moſt embarraſſing predicament; for, having promiſed my readers a hideous and unparalleled battle, and having worked them up into a warlike and bloodthirſty ſtate of mind, to put them off without any havoc and ſlaughter, was as bitter a diſappointment, as to ſummons a multitude of good people to attend an execution, and then cruelly baulk them by a reprieve.

Had the inexorable fates only allowed me ſome half a ſcore dead men I had been content; for I would have made them ſuch heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whoſe race is now unfortunately extinct. Any one of whom, if we may believe thoſe authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies like ſheep before him, and conquer and deſolate whole cities by his ſingle arm.

But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most I could of my battle, by means of kicks and cuffs and bruises, and such like ignoble wounds. And here I cannot but compare my dilemma, in some sort, to that of the divine Milton, who, having arrayed with sublime preparation his immortal hosts against each other, is sadly put to it, how to manage them, and how he shall make the end of his battle answer to the beginning; inasmuch as, being mere spirits, he cannot deal a mortal blow, nor even give a flesh wound to any of his combatants. For my part, the greatest difficulty I found, was, when I had once put my warriors in a passion, and let them loose into the midst of the enemy, to keep them from doing mischief. Many a time had I to restrain the sturdy Peter, from cleaving a gigantic Swede to the very waistband, or spitting half a dozen little fellows on his sword, like so many sparrows.—And when I had set some hundred of missives flying in the air, I did not dare to suffer one of them to reach the ground, lest it should have put an end to some unlucky Dutchman.

The reader cannot conceive how mortifying it is to a writer, thus in a manner to have his hands tied, and how many tempting opportunities I had to wink at, where I might have made as fine a death blow, as any recorded in history or song.

From my own experience, I begin to doubt moſt potently of the authenticity of many of Homer's ſtories. I verily believe, that when he had once launched one of his favourite heroes among a crowd of the enemy, he cut down many an honeſt fellow, without any authority for ſo doing, excepting that he preſented a fair mark—and that often a poor devil was ſent to grim Pluto's domains, merely becauſe he had a name that would give a ſounding turn to a period. But I diſclaim all ſuch unprincipled liberties—let me but have truth and the law on my ſide, and no man would fight harder than myſelf—but ſince the various records I conſulted did not warrant it, I had too much conſcience to kill a ſingle ſoldier.—By St. Nicholas, but it would have been a pretty piece of buſineſs! My enemies, the critics, who I foreſee will be ready enough to lay any crime they can diſcover, at my door, might have charged me with murder outright—and I ſhould have eſteemed myſelf lucky to eſcape with no harſher verdict than manſlaughter!

And now, gentle reader, that we are tranquilly ſitting down here, ſmoking our pipes, permit me to indulge in a melancholy reflection which at this moment paſſes acroſs my mind—How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain, are all thoſe gaudy bubbles after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair deluſions. The wealth which the miſer has amaſſed with ſo many weary days, ſo many ſleepleſs

nights, a ſpendthrift heir may ſquander away in joyleſs prodigality—The nobleſt monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will ſhortly tumble into ruins—and even the brighteſt laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither and be for ever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind.—"How many illuſtrious heroes," ſays the good Boëtius, "who were once the pride and glory of the age, hath the ſilence of hiſtorians buried in eternal oblivion!" And this it was that induced the Spartans when they went to battle, ſolemnly to ſacrifice to the muſes, ſupplicating that their achievements ſhould be worthily recorded. Had not Homer tuned his lofty lyre, obſerves the elegant Cicero, the valour of Achilles had remained unſung.—And ſuch too, after all the toils and perils he had braved, after all the gallant actions he had achieved, ſuch too had nearly been the fate of the chivalric Peter Stuyveſant, but that I fortunately ſtepped in and engraved his name on the indelible tablet of hiſtory, juſt as the caitiff Time was ſilently bruſhing it away for ever!

The more I reflect, the more am I aſtoniſhed at the important character of the hiſtorian. He is the ſovereign cenſor, to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow men—He is the patron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they ſhall live in after ages, or be forgotten as were their anceſtors before them. The tyrant may oppreſs while the object of his tyranny exiſts, but the hiſtorian

poſſeſſes ſuperior might, for his power extends even beyond the grave. The ſhades of departed and long forgotten heroes anxiouſly bend down from above, while he writes, watching each movement of his pen, whether it ſhall paſs by their names with neglect, or inſcribe them on the deathleſs pages of renown. Even the drop of ink that hangs trembling on his pen, which he may either daſh upon the floor or waſte in idle ſcrawlings—that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of incalculable value to ſome departed worthy —may elevate half a ſcore, in one moment, to immortality, who would have given worlds, had they poſſeſſed them, to enſure the glorious meed.

Let not my readers imagine, however, that I am indulging in vain glorious boaſtings, or am anxious to blazon forth the importance of my tribe. On the contrary, I ſhrink when I reflect on the awful reſponſibility we hiſtorians aſſume—I ſhudder to think what direful commotions and calamities we occaſion in the world—I ſwear to thee, honeſt reader, as I am a man, I weep at the very idea! Why, let me aſk, are ſo many illuſtrious men daily tearing themſelves away from the embraces of their families—ſlighting the ſmiles of beauty—deſpiſing the allurements of fortune, and expoſing themſelves to the miſeries of war?—Why are kings deſolating empires, and depopulating whole countries? In ſhort, what induces all great men, of all ages and countries, to

commit ſo many victories and miſdeeds, and inflict ſo many miſeries upon mankind and on themſelves, but the mere hope that ſome hiſtorian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume. For, in ſhort, the mighty object of all their toils, their hardſhips and privations is nothing but *immortal fame*—and what is immortal fame?——why, half a page of dirty paper!———alas! alas! how humiliating the idea—that the renown of ſo great a man as Peter Stuyveſant ſhould depend upon the pen of ſo little a man as Diedrich Knickerbocker!

And now, having refreſhed ourſelves after the fatigues and perils of the field, it behoves us to return once more to the ſcene of conflict, and inquire what were the reſults of this renowned conqueſt. The Fortreſs of Chriſtina being the fair metropolis, and in a manner the key to New-Sweden, its capture was ſpeedily followed by the entire ſubjugation of the province. This was not a little promoted by the gallant and courteous deportment of the chivalric Peter. Though a man terrible in battle, yet in the hour of victory was he endued with a ſpirit generous, merciful and humane—He vaunted not over his enemies, nor did he make defeat more galling by unmanly inſults; for like that mirror of knightly virtue, the renowned Paladin Orlando, he was more anxious to do great actions, than to talk of them after they were done. He put no man to death; ordered no houſes to be burnt down; permitted no ravages to be perpe-

trated on the property of the vanquiſhed, and even gave one of his braveſt officers a ſevere admoniſhment with his walking ſtaff, for having been detected in the act of ſacking a hen rooſt.

He moreover iſſued a proclamation, inviting the inhabitants to ſubmit to the authority of their high mightineſſes; but declaring, with unexampled clemency, that whoever refuſed ſhould be lodged at the public expenſe, in a goodly caſtle provided for the purpoſe, and have an armed retinue to wait on them in the bargain. In conſequence of theſe beneficent terms, about thirty Swedes ſtepped manfully forward and took the oath of allegiance; in reward for which they were graciouſly permitted to remain on the banks of the Delaware, where their deſcendants reſide at this very day. But I am told by divers obſervant travellers, that they have never been able to get over the chap-fallen looks of their anceſtors, and do ſtill unaccountably tranſmit from father to ſon, manifeſt marks of the ſound drubbing given them by the ſturdy Amſterdammers.

The whole country of New-Sweden, having thus yielded to the arms of the triumphant Peter, was reduced to a colony called South River, and placed under the ſuperintendance of a lieutenant governor; ſubject to the controul of the ſupreme government at New-Amſterdam. This great dignitary was called Mynher William Beekman, or rather *Beck*-man, who derived his ſurname, as did Ovidius Naſo of yore,

from the lordly dimenſions of his noſe, which projected from the centre of his countenance, like the beak of a parrot. He was the great progenitor of the tribe of the Beekman's, one of the moſt ancient and honourable families of the province, the members of which do gratefully commemorate the origin of their dignity, not as your noble families in England would do, by having a glowing proboſcis emblazoned in their eſcutcheon, but by one and all, wearing a right goodly noſe, ſtuck in the very middle of their faces.

Thus was this perilous enterprize glorioufly terminated, with the loſs of only two men; Wolfert Van Horne, a tall ſpare man, who was knocked overboard by the boom of a ſloop, in a flaw of wind: and fat Brom Van Bummel, who was ſuddenly carried off by an indigeſtion; both, however, were immortalized, as having bravely fallen, in the ſervice of their country. True it is, Peter Stuyveſant had one of his limbs terribly fractured, being ſhattered to pieces in the act of ſtorming the fortreſs; but as it was fortunately his wooden leg, the wound was promptly and effectually healed.

And now nothing remains to this branch of my hiſtory, but to mention, that this immaculate hero, and his victorious army, returned joyouſly to the Manhattoes, marching under the ſhade of their laurels, as did the followers of young Malcolm, under *the moving* foreſt of Dunſinane. Thus did they make

a ſolemn and triumphant entry into New-Amſterdam, bearing with them the conquered Riſingh, and the remnant of his battered crew, who had refuſed allegiance. For it appears that the gigantic Swede had only fallen into a ſwound, at the end of the battle, from whence he was ſpeedily reſtored by a wholeſome tweak of the noſe.

Theſe captive heroes were lodged, according to the promiſe of the governor, at the public expenſe, in a fair and ſpacious caſtle; being the priſon of ſtate, of which Stoffel Brinkerhoff, the immortal conqueror of Oyſter Bay, was appointed governor; and which has ever ſince remained in the poſſeſſion of his deſcendants.*

It was a pleaſant and goodly ſight to witneſs the joy of the people of New-Amſterdam, at beholding their warriors once more returned, from this war in the wilderneſs. The old women thronged round Antony Van Corlear, who gave the whole hiſtory of the campaign with matchleſs accuracy; ſaving that he took the credit of fighting the whole battle himſelf, and eſpecially of vanquiſhing the ſtout Riſingh, which he conſidered himſelf as clearly entitled to, ſeeing that it was effected by his own ſtone pottle.

The ſchoolmaſters throughout the town gave holyday to their little urchins, who followed in droves

* This caſtle, though very much altered and modernized, is ſtill in being, and ſtands at the corner of Pearl-ſtreet, facing Coentie's ſlip.

after the drums, with paper caps on their heads, and ſticks in their breeches, thus taking the firſt leſſon in the art of war. As to the ſturdy rabble, they thronged at the heels of Peter Stuyveſant wherever he went, waving their greaſy hats in the air, and ſhouting "Hard-koppig Piet for ever!"

It was, indeed, a day of roaring rout and jubilee. A huge dinner was prepared at the Stadt-houſe in honour of the conquerors, where were aſſembled in one glorious conſtellation, the great and the little luminaries of New-Amſterdam. There were the lordly Schout and his obſequious deputy—the Burgomaſters with their officious Schepens at their elbows—the ſubaltern officers at the elbows of the Schepens, and ſo on, to the loweſt grade of illuſtrious hangers-on of police; every Tag having his Rag at his ſide, to finiſh his pipe, drink off his heel-taps, and laugh at his flights of immortal dullneſs. In ſhort—for a city feaſt is a city feaſt all the world over, and has been a city feaſt ever ſince the creation—the dinner went off much the ſame as do our great corporation junkettings and fourth of July banquets. Loads of fiſh, fleſh and fowl were devoured, oceans of liquor drank, thouſands of pipes ſmoked, and many a dull joke honoured with much obſtreperous fat-ſided laughter.

I muſt not omit to mention, that to this far-famed victory Peter Stuyveſant was indebted for another of *his* many titles—for ſo hugely delighted were the

honeſt burghers with his achievements, that they unanimouſly honoured him with the name of *Pieter de Groodt*, that is to ſay, Peter the Great, or as it was tranſlated by the people of New-Amſterdam, *Piet de Pig*—an appellation which he maintained even unto the day of his death.

END OF BOOK VI.

BOOK VI.

Containing the third part of the reign of Peter the Headstrong—his troubles with the British nation, and the decline and fall of the Dutch Dynasty.

CHAP. VI.

How Peter Stuyvesant relieved the sovereign people from the burthen of taking care of the nation—with sundry particulars of his conduct in time of peace.

The history of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant furnishes a melancholy picture of the incessant cares and vexations inseparable from government; and may serve as a solemn warning, to all who are ambitious of attaining the seat of power. Though crowned with victory, enriched by conquest, and returning in triumph to his metropolis, his exultation was checked by beholding the sad abuses that had taken place during the short interval of his absence.

The populace, unfortunately for their own comfort, had taken a deep draught of the intoxicating cup of power, during the reign of William the Testy; and though, upon the acceſſion of Peter Stuyveſant, they felt, with a certain inſtinctive perception, which mobs as well as cattle poſſeſs, that the reins of government had paſſed into ſtronger hands, yet could they not help fretting and chafing and champing upon the bit, in reſtive ſilence.

It ſeems by ſome ſtrange and inſcrutable fatality, to be the deſtiny of moſt countries, (and more eſpecially of your enlightened republics) always to be governed by the moſt incompetent man in the nation, ſo that you will ſcarcely find an individual throughout the whole community, but who will detect to you innumerable errors in adminiſtration, and convince you in the end, that had he been at the head of affairs, matters would have gone on a thouſand times more proſperouſly. Strange! that government, which ſeems to be ſo generally underſtood, ſhould invariably be ſo erroneouſly adminiſtered—ſtrange, that the talent of legiſlation, ſo prodigally beſtowed, ſhould be denied to the only man in the nation to whoſe ſtation it is requiſite!

Thus it was in the preſent inſtance, not a man of all the herd of pſeudo politicians in New-Amſterdam, but was an oracle on topics of ſtate, and could have directed public affairs incomparably better than Peter Stuyveſant. But ſo ſevere was the old governor in

his diſpoſition, that he would never ſuffer one of the multitude of able counſellors by whom he was ſurrounded, to intrude his advice, and ſave the country from deſtruction.

Scarcely, therefore, had he departed on his expedition againſt the Swedes, than the old factions of William Kieft's reign began to thruſt their heads above water, and to gather together in political meetings, to diſcuſs "the ſtate of the nation." At theſe aſſemblages the buſy burgomaſters and their officious ſchepens made a very conſiderable figure. Theſe worthy dignitaries were no longer the fat, well fed, tranquil magiſtrates that preſided in the peaceful days of Wouter Van Twiller—On the contrary, being elected by the people, they formed in a manner a ſturdy bulwark, between the mob and the adminiſtration. They were great candidates for popularity, and ſtrenuous advocates for the rights of the rabble; reſembling in diſintereſted zeal the wide mouthed tribunes of ancient Rome, or thoſe virtuous patriots of modern days, emphatically denominated "the friends of the people."

Under the tuition of theſe profound politicians, it is aſtoniſhing how ſuddenly enlightened the ſwiniſh multitude became, in matters above their comprehenſions. Coblers, tinkers, and taylors all at once felt themſelves inſpired, like thoſe religious idiots, in the glorious times of monkiſh illumination; and without any previous ſtudy or experience, became inſtantly

capable of directing all the movements of government. Nor muſt I neglect to mention a number of ſuper-annuated, wrong headed old burghers, who had come over when boys, in the crew of the *Goede Vrouw*, and were held up as infallible oracles by the enlightened mob. To ſuppoſe that a man who had helped to diſcover a country, did not know how it ought to be governed, was prepoſterous in the extreme. It would have been deemed as much a hereſy, as at the preſent day to queſtion the political talents, and univerſal infallibility of our old "heroes of '76"—and to doubt that he who had fought for a government, however ſtupid he might naturally be, was not competent to fill any ſtation under it.

But as Peter Stuyveſant had a ſingular inclination to govern his province without the aſſiſtance of his ſubjects, he felt highly incenſed on his return to find the factious appearance they had aſſumed during his abſence. His firſt meaſure, therefore, was to reſtore perfect order, by proſtrating the dignity of the ſovereign people.

He accordingly watched his opportunity, and one evening when the enlightened mob was gathered together, liſtening to a patriotic ſpeech from an inſpired cobbler, the intrepid Peter, like his great nameſake of all the Ruſſias, all at once appeared among them, with a countenance ſufficient to petrify a mill ſtone. The whole meeting was thrown into conſternation—the orator ſeemed to have received a

paralytic ſtroke in the very middle of a ſublime ſentence, and ſtood aghaſt with open mouth and trembling knees, while the words horror! tyranny! liberty! rights! taxes! death! deſtruction! and a deluge of other patriotic phraſes, came roaring from his throat, before he had power to cloſe his lips. The ſhrewd Peter took no notice of the ſkulking throng around him, but advancing to the brawling bully-ruffian, and drawing out a huge ſilver watch, which might have ſerved in times of yore as a town clock, and which is ſtill retained by his deſcendants as a family curioſity, requeſted the orator to mend it, and ſet it going. The orator humbly confeſſed it was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its conſtruction. "Nay, but," ſaid Peter, "try your ingenuity, man, you ſee all the ſprings and wheels, and how eaſily the clumſieſt hand may ſtop it, and pull it to pieces; and why ſhould it not be equally eaſy to regulate as to ſtop it." The orator declared that his trade was wholly different, he was a poor cobbler, and had never meddled with a watch in his life. That there were men ſkilled in the art, whoſe buſineſs it was to attend to thoſe matters, but for his part, he ſhould only mar the workmanſhip, and put the whole in confuſion——"Why harkee maſter of mine," cried Peter, turning ſuddenly upon him, with a countenance that almoſt petrified the patcher of ſhoes into a perfect lapſtone—"doſt thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government—to re-

gulate and correct and patch and cobble a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehenſion, and its ſimpleſt operations too ſubtle for thy underſtanding, when thou canſt not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechaniſm, the whole myſtery of which is open to thy inſpection?—Hence with thee to the leather and ſtone, which are emblems of thy head; cobble thy ſhoes, and confine thyſelf to the vocation for which heaven has fitted thee—But," elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, "if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with affairs of government, by St. Nicholas but I'll have every mother's baſtard of ye flea'd alive, and your hides ſtretched for drum heads, that ye may thenceforth make a noiſe to ſome purpoſe!"

This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, cauſed the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator roſe on his head like his own ſwine's briſtles, and not a knight of the thimble preſent but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily eſcaped through the eye of a needle.

But though this meaſure produced the deſired effect in reducing the community to order, yet it tended to injure the popularity of the great Peter, among the enlightened vulgar. Many accuſed him of entertaining highly ariſtocratic ſentiments, and of leaning too much in favour of the patricians. In

deed there appeared to be ſome ground for ſuch an accuſation, as he always carried himſelf with a very lofty, ſoldier like port, and was ſomewhat particular in his dreſs; dreſſing himſelf, when not in uniform, in ſimple, but rich apparel, and was eſpecially noted for having his ſound leg (which was a very comely one) always arrayed in a red ſtocking, and high heeled ſhoe. Though a man of great ſimplicity of manners, yet there was ſomething about him that repelled rude familiarity, while it encouraged frank, and even ſocial intercourſe.

He likewiſe obſerved ſome appearance of court ceremony and etiquette. He received the common claſs of viſitors on the *ſtoop** before his door, according to the cuſtom of our Dutch anceſtors. But when viſitors were formally received in his parlour, it was expected they would appear in clean linen; by no means to be bare footed, and always to take their hats off. On public occaſions he appeared with great pomp of equipage, (for in truth, his ſtation required a little ſhow and dignity) and always rode to Church in a yellow waggon, with flaming red wheels.

Theſe ſymptoms of ſtate and ceremony occaſioned conſiderable diſcontent among the vulgar. They had been accuſtomed to find eaſy acceſs to their former governors, and in particular had lived on terms of

* Properly ſpelled *ſtoeb*: The porch commonly built in front of Dutch houſes, with benches on each ſide.

extreme familiarity with William the Testy. They therefore were very impatient of these dignified precautions, which discouraged intrusion. But Peter Stuyvesant had his own way of thinking, in these matters, and was a staunch upholder of the dignity of office.

He always maintained that government to be the least popular, which is most open to popular access and controul; and that the very brawlers against court ceremony, and the reserve of men in power, would soon despise rulers among whom they found even themselves to be of consequence. Such, at least, had been the case with the administration of William the Testy; who bent on making himself popular, had listened to every man's advice, suffered every body to have admittance to his person at all hours; and, in a word, treated every one as his thorough equal. By this means every scrub politician, and public busy body was enabled to measure wits with him, and to find out the true dimensions, not only of his person, but his mind—And what great man can stand such scrutiny?

It is the mystery that envelops great men, that gives them half their greatness. We are always inclined to think highly of those who hold themselves aloof from our examination. There is likewise a kind of superstitious reverence for office, which leads us to exaggerate the merits and abilities of men in power, and to suppose that they must be constitut-

different from other men. And, indeed, faith is as neceſſary in politics as in religion. It certainly is of the firſt importance, that a country ſhould be governed by wiſe men; but then it is almoſt equally important, that the people ſhould believe them to be wiſe; for this belief alone can produce willing ſubordination.

To keep up, therefore, this deſirable confidence in rulers, the people ſhould be allowed to ſee as little of them as poſſible. He who gains acceſs to cabinets ſoon finds out by what fooliſhneſs the world is governed. He diſcovers that there is quackery in legislation, as well as in every thing elſe; that many a meaſure, which is ſuppoſed by the million to be the reſult of great wiſdom and deep deliberation, is the effect of mere chance, or perhaps of hair brained experiment—That rulers have their whims and errors as well as other men, and after all are not ſo wonderfully ſuperior to their fellow creatures as he at firſt imagined; ſince he finds that even his own opinions have had ſome weight with them. Thus awe ſubſides into confidence, confidence inſpires familiarity, and familiarity produces contempt. Peter Stuyveſant, on the contrary, by conducting himſelf with dignity and loftineſs, was looked up to with great reverence. As he never gave his reaſons for any thing he did, the public always gave him credit for very profound ones—Every movement, however intrinſically unimportant, was a matter of ſpeculation,

and his very red ſtocking excited ſome reſpect, as being different from the ſtockings of other men.

To theſe times may we refer the riſe of family pride and ariſtocratic diſtinctions;* and indeed I cannot but look back with reverence to the early planting of thoſe mighty Dutch families, which have taken ſuch vigorous root, and branched out ſo luxuriantly in our ſtate. The blood which has flowed down uncontaminated through a ſucceſſion of ſteady, virtuous generations, ſince the times of the patriarchs of Communipaw, muſt certainly be pure and worthy. And if ſo, then are the Van Renſellaers, the the Van Zandts, the Van Hornes, the Rutgers, the Benſons, the Brinkerhoffs, the Schermerhorns, and all the true deſcendants of the ancient Pavonians, the only legitimate nobility and real lords of the ſoil.

I have been led to mention thus particularly, the well authenticated claims of our genuine Dutch families, becauſe I have noticed with great ſorrow and vexation, that they have been ſomewhat elbowed aſide in latter days, by foreign intruders. It is really aſtoniſhing to behold how many great families have ſprung up of late years, who pride themſelves

* In a work published many years after the time here treated of, (in 1701 by C. W. A. M.) it is mentioned that Frederick Philipse was counted the richest Mynher in New-York, and was said to have *whole hogsheads of Indian money or wampum;* and had a son and daughter, who, according to the Dutch custo[redacted] should divide it equally.

exceſſively on the ſcore of anceſtry. Thus he who can look up to his father without humiliation aſſumes not a little importance—he who can ſafely talk of his grandfather, is ſtill more vain-glorious, but he who can look back to his great grandfather, without bluſhing, is abſolutely intolerable in his pretenſions to family—bleſs us! what a piece of work is here, between theſe muſhrooms of an hour, and theſe muſhrooms of a day!

But from what I have recounted in the former part of this chapter, I would not have my reader imagine, that the great Peter was a tyrannical governor, ruling his ſubjects with a rod of iron—on the contrary, where the dignity of authority was not implicated, he abounded with generoſity and courteous condeſcenſion. In fact he really believed, though I fear my more enlightened republican readers will conſider it a proof of his ignorance and illiberality, that in preventing the cup of ſocial life from being daſhed with the intoxicating ingredient of politics, he promoted the tranquillity and happineſs of the people—and by detaching their minds from ſubjects which they could not underſtand, and which only tended to inflame their paſſions, he enabled them to attend more faithfully and induſtriouſly to their proper callings; becoming more uſeful citizens and more attentive to their families and fortunes.

So far from having any unreaſonable auſterity, he delighted to ſee the poor and the labouring man rejoice, and for this purpoſe was a great promoter of holydays and public amuſements. Under his reign was firſt introduced the cuſtom of cracking eggs at Paas or Eaſter. New year's day was alſo obſerved with extravagant feſtivity—and uſhered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. Every houſe was a temple to the jolly god—Oceans of cherry brandy, true Hollands and mulled cyder were ſet afloat on the occaſion; and not a poor man in town, but made it a point to get drunk, out of a principal of pure economy—taking in liquor enough to ſerve him for half a year afterwards.

It would have done one's heart good alſo to have ſeen the valiant Peter, ſeated among the old burghers and their wives of a Saturday afternoon, under the great trees that ſpread their ſhade over the Battery, watching the young men and women, as they danced on the green. Here he would ſmoke his pipe, crack his joke, and forget the rugged toils of war, in the ſweet oblivious feſtivities of peace. He would occaſionally give a nod of approbation to thoſe of the young men who ſhuffled and kicked moſt vigorouſly, and now and then give a hearty ſmack, in all honeſty of ſoul, to the buxom laſs that held out longeſt, and tired down all her competitors, which he conſidered as infallible proofs of her being the beſt dancer. Once it is true the harmony of the meeting

was rather interrupted. A young vrouw, of great figure in the gay world, and who, having lately come from Holland, of courſe led the faſhions in the city, made her appearance in not more than half a dozen Petticoats, and theſe too of moſt alarming ſhortneſs. —An univerſal whiſper ran through the aſſembly, the old ladies all felt ſhocked in the extreme, the young ladies bluſhed, and felt exceſſively for the "poor thing," and even the governor himſelf was obſerved to be a little troubled in mind. To complete the aſtoniſhment of the good folks, ſhe undertook in the courſe of a jig, to deſcribe ſome aſtoniſhing figures in algebra, which ſhe had learned from a dancing maſter at Rotterdam.—Whether ſhe was too animated in flouriſhing her feet, or whether ſome vagabond Zephyr took the liberty of obtruding his ſervices, certain it is that in the courſe of a grand evolution, which would not have diſgraced a modern ball room, ſhe made a moſt unexpected diſplay—whereat the whole aſſembly was thrown into great admiration, ſeveral grave country members were not a little moved, and the good Peter himſelf, who was a man of unparalleled modeſty, felt himſelf grievouſly ſcandalized.

The ſhortneſs of the female dreſſes, which had continued in faſhion ever ſince the days of William Kieft, had long offended his eye, and though extremely averſe to meddling with the petticoats of the ladies, yet he immediately recommended, that every

one ſhould be furniſhed with a flounce to the bottom. He likewiſe ordered that the ladies, and indeed the gentlemen, ſhould uſe no other ſtep in dancing, than ſhuffle and turn, and double trouble; and forbade, under pain of his high diſpleaſure, any young lady thenceforth to attempt what was termed "exhibiting the graces."

Theſe were the only reſtrictions he ever impoſed upon the ſex, and theſe were conſidered by them, as tyrannical oppreſſions, and reſiſted with that becoming ſpirit, always manifeſted by the gentle ſex, whenever their privileges are invaded—In fact, Peter Stuyveſant plainly perceived, that if he attempted to puſh the matter any further, there was danger of their leaving off petticoats altogether; ſo like a wiſe man, experienced in the ways of women, he held his peace, and ſuffered them ever after to wear their petticoats and cut their capers, as high as they pleaſed.

CHAP. VII.

How Peter Stuyvesant was much molested by the moss troopers of the East, and the Giants of Merryland—and how a dark and horrid conspiracy was carried on in the British Cabinet, against the prosperity of the Manhattoes.

We are now approaching towards the crisis of our work, and if I be not mistaken in my forebodings, we shall have a world of business to dispatch in the ensuing chapters.

It is with some communities, as it is with certain meddlesome individuals, they have a wonderful facility at getting into scrapes; and I have always remarked, that those are most liable to get in, who have the least talent at getting out again. This is, doubtless, owing to the excessive valour of those states; for I have likewise noticed that this rampant and ungovernable quality is always most untidy where most confined; which accounts for its vapouring so amazingly in little states, little men, and ugly little women more especially.

Thus, when one reflects, that the province of the Manhattoes, though of prodigious importance in the

eyes of its inhabitants and its hiſtorian, was really of no very great conſequence in the eyes of the reſt of the world; that it had but little wealth or other ſpoils to reward the trouble of aſſailing it, and that it had nothing to expect from running wantonly into war, ſave an exceeding good beating—On pondering theſe things, I ſay, one would utterly deſpair of finding in its hiſtory either battles or bloodſhed, or any other of thoſe calamities which give importance to a nation, and entertainment to the reader. But, on the contrary, we find, ſo valiant is this province, that it has already drawn upon itſelf a hoſt of enemies; has had as many buffettings as would gratify the ambition of the moſt warlike nation; and is in ſober ſadneſs, a very forlorn, diſtreſſed, and woe begone little province!—all which was, no doubt, kindly ordered by providence, to give intereſt and ſublimity, to this pathetic hiſtory.

But I forbear to enter into a detail of the pitiful maraudings and haraſſments, that for a long while after the victory on the Delaware, continued to inſult the dignity, and diſturb the repoſe of the Nederlanders. Suffice it in brevity to ſay, that the implacable hoſtility of the people of the eaſt, which had ſo miraculouſly been prevented from breaking out, as my readers muſt remember, by the ſudden prevalence of witchcraft, and the diſſentions in the council of Amphyctions, now again diſplayed itſelf

in a thouſand grievous and bitter ſcourings upon the borders.

Scarcely a month paſſed but what the Dutch ſettlements on the frontiers were alarmed by the ſudden appearance of an invading army from Connecticut. This would advance reſolutely through the country, like a puiſſant caravan of the deſerts, the women and children mounted in carts loaded with pots and kettles, as though they meant to boil the honeſt Dutchmen alive, and devour them like ſo many lobſters. At the tail of theſe carts would ſtalk a crew of long limbed, lank ſided varlets, with axes on their ſhoulders and packs on their backs, reſolutely bent upon *improving* the country in deſpite of its proprietors. Theſe ſettling themſelves down, would in a ſhort time completely diſlodge the unfortunate Nederlanders; elbowing them out of thoſe rich bottoms and fertile valleys, in which our Dutch yeomanry are ſo famous for neſtling themſelves—For it is notorious, that wherever theſe ſhrewd men of the eaſt get a footing, the honeſt Dutchmen do gradually diſappear, retiring ſlowly, like the indians before the whites; being totally diſcomfited by the talking, chaffering, ſwapping, bargaining diſpoſition of their new neighbours.

All theſe audacious infringements on the territories of their high mightineſſes were accompanied, as has before been hinted, by a world of raſcally brawls, ribroaſtings and bundlings, which would doubtleſs

have incenſed the valiant Peter to wreak immediate chaſtiſement, had he not at the very ſame time been perplexed by diſtreſſing accounts from Mynher Beckman, who commanded the territories at South river.

The reſtleſs Swedes, who had ſo graciouſly been ſuffered to remain about the Delaware, already began to ſhow ſigns of mutiny and diſaffection. But what was worſe, a peremptory claim was laid to the whole territory, as the rightful property of lord Baltimore, by Fendal, a chieftain who ruled over the colony of Maryland, or Merry-land, as it was anciently called, becauſe that the inhabitants, not having the fear of the Lord before their eyes, were notoriouſly prone to get fuddled and make merry with mint julep and apple toddy. Nay, ſo hoſtile was this bully Fendal, that he threatened, unleſs his claim were inſtantly complied with, to march incontinently at the head of a potent force of the roaring boys of Merryland, together with a great and mighty train of giants, who infeſted the banks of the Suſquehanna*—and to lay

* We find very curious and wonderful accounts of these strange people (who were doubtless the ancestors of the present Marylanders) made by master Hariot, in his interesting history. "The Susquesahanocks"—observes he, "are a giantly people, strange in proportion, behaviour and attire—their voice sounding from them as if out a cave. Their tobacco pipes were three quarters of a yard long, carved at the great end with a bird, beare, or other device, sufficient to beat out the braines of a horse, (and how many asses braines are beaten out, or rather men's braines smoked out, and asses brains haled in, by our lesser pipes at home.)' The calfe of one of their legges was measured three quarters of a yard about, the rest of his limbs proportionable.

Master Hariot's Journ. Purch. Pil.

waſte and depopulate the whole country of South river.

By this it is manifeſt, that this boaſted colony, like all great acquiſitions of territory, ſoon became a greater evil to the conqueror, than the loſs of it was to the conquered; and cauſed greater uneaſineſs and trouble, than all the territory of the New-Netherlands beſides. Thus providence wiſely orders, that one evil ſhall balance another. The conqueror who wreſts the property of his neighbour, who wrongs a nation and deſolates a country, though he may acquire increaſe of empire, and immortal fame, yet enſures his own inevitable puniſhment. He takes to himſelf a cauſe of endleſs anxiety—he incorporates with his late ſound domain, a looſe part—a rotten diſaffected member; which is an exhauſtleſs ſource of internal treaſon and diſunion, and external altercation and hoſtility—Happy is that nation, which, compact, united, loyal in all its parts, and concentrated in its ſtrength, ſeeks no idle acquiſition of unprofitable and ungovernable territory—which, content to be proſperous and happy, has no ambition to be great. It is like a man well organized in all his ſyſtem, ſound in health, and full of vigour; unincumbered by uſeleſs trappings, and fixed in an unſhaken attitude. But the nation, inſatiable of territory, whoſe domains are ſcattered, feebly united, and weakly organized, is like a ſenſeleſs miſer ſprawling among golden ſtores, open to every attack, and unable to

defend the riches he vainly endeavours to overſhadow.

At the time of receiving the alarming diſpatches from South river, the great Peter was buſily employed in quelling certain Indian troubles that had broken out about Eſopus, and was moreover meditating how to relieve his eaſtern borders, on the Connecticut. He, however, ſent word to Mynher Beckman to be of good heart, to maintain inceſſant vigilance, and to let him know, if matters wore a more threatening appearance; in which caſe he would incontinently repair with his warriors of the Hudſon, to ſpoil the merriment of theſe Merry-landers; for he coveted exceedingly to have a bout, hand to hand, with ſome half a ſcore of theſe giants—having never encountered a giant in his whole life, unleſs we may ſo call the ſtout Riſingh, and he was but a little one.

Nothing further, however, occurred to moleſt the tranquillity of Mynher Beckman and his colony. Fendal and his myrmidons remained at home, caroufing it ſoundly upon hoe cakes, bacon, and mint julep, and running horſes, and fighting cocks, for which they were greatly renowned. At hearing of this Peter Stuyveſant was very well pleaſed, for, notwithſtanding his inclination to meaſure weapons with theſe monſtrous men of the Suſquehanna, yet he had already as much employment nearer home, as he could turn his hands to. Little did he think, worthy ſoul, that this ſouthern calm was but the deceitful

prelude to a moſt terrible and fatal ſtorm, then brewing, which was ſoon to burſt forth and overwhelm the unſuſpecting city of New-Amſterdam!

Now ſo it was, that while this excellent governor was giving his little ſenate laws, and not only giving them, but enforcing them too—while he was inceſſantly travelling the rounds of his beloved province—poſting from place to place to redreſs grievances, and while buſy at one corner of his dominions all the reſt getting into an uproar—At this very time, I ſay, a dark and direful plot was hatching againſt him, in that nurſery of monſtrous projects, the Britiſh cabinet. The news of his achievments on the Delaware, according to a ſage old hiſtorian of New-Amſterdam, had occaſioned not a little talk and marvel in the courts of Europe. And the ſame profound writer aſſures us that the cabinet of England began to entertain great jealouſy and uneaſineſs at the encreaſing power of the Manhattoes, and the valour of its ſturdy yeomanry.

Agents, the ſame hiſtorian obſerves, were ſent by the Amphyctionic council of the eaſt, to entreat the aſſiſtance of the Britiſh cabinet in ſubjugating this mighty province. Lord Sterling alſo aſſerted his right to Long-Iſland, and, at the ſame time, Lord Baltimore, whoſe agent, as has before been mentioned, had ſo alarmed Mynher Beckman, laid his claim before the cabinet, to the lands of South river, which he complained were unjuſtly and forcibly detained

from him, by theſe daring uſurpers of the Nieuw-Nederlandts.

Thus did the unlucky empire of the Manhattoes ſtand in imminent danger of experiencing the fate of Poland, and being torn limb from limb to be ſhared among its ſavage neighbours. But while theſe rapacious powers were whetting their fangs, and waiting for the ſignal to fall tooth and nail upon this delicious little fat Dutch empire; the lordly lion, who ſat as umpire, all at once laid his mighty paw upon the ſpoil, and ſettled the claims of all parties, by granting none of them. For we are told, that his majeſty, Charles the ſecond, not to be perplexed by adjuſting theſe ſeveral pretenſions, made a preſent of a large tract of North-America, including the province of New-Netherlands, to his brother, the Duke of York—a donation truly royal, ſince none but great monarchs have a right to give away what does not belong to them.

That this munificent gift might not be merely nominal, his majeſty, on the 12th of March, 1664, ordered that an armament ſhould be forthwith prepared, to invade the city of New-Amſterdam by land and water, and put his brother in complete poſſeſſion of the premiſes.

Thus critically are ſituated the affairs of the New-Netherlanders. The honeſt burghers, ſo far from thinking of the jeopardy in which their intereſts are placed, are ſoberly ſmoking their pipes, and thinki[illegible]

of nothing at all—the privy counſellors of the province are at this moment ſnoring in full quorum, like the drones of five hundred bagpipes, while the active Peter, who takes all the labour of thinking and acting upon himſelf, is buſily deviſing ſome method of bringing the grand council of Amphyctions to terms. In the mean while an angry cloud is darkly ſcowling on the horizon—ſoon ſhall it rattle about the ears of theſe dozing Nederlanders, and put the mettle of their ſtout hearted governor completely to the trial.

But come what may, I here pledge my veracity that in all warlike conflicts and ſubtle perplexities, he ſhall ſtill acquit himſelf with the gallant bearing and ſpotleſs honour of a noble minded obſtinate old cavalier—Forward then to the charge!—ſhine out propitious ſtars on the renowned city of the Manhattoes; and may the bleſſing of St. Nicholas go with thee—honeſt Peter Stuyveſant!

CHAP. III.

Of Peter Stuyvesant's expedition into the east Country, shewing that though an old bird, he did not understand trap.

GREAT nations reſemble great men in this particular, that their greatneſs is ſeldom known until they get in trouble; adverſity therefore, has been wiſely denominated the ordeal of true greatneſs, which like gold, can never receive its real eſtimation, until it has paſſed through the furnace. In proportion therefore as a nation, a community or an individual (poſſeſſing the inherent quality of greatneſs) is involved in perils and misfortunes, in proportion does it riſe in grandeur—and even when ſinking under calamity, makes, like a houſe on fire, a more glorious diſplay, than ever it did, in the faireſt period of its proſperity.

The vaſt empire of China, though teeming with population and imbibing and concentrating the wealth of nations, has vegetated through a ſucceſſion of drowſy ages; and were it not for its internal revolution, and the ſubverſion of its ancient government by the Tartars, might have preſented nothing but an unin-

reſting detail of dull, monotonous proſperity. Pompeia and Herculaneum might have paſſed into oblivion, with a herd of their contemporaries, had they not been fortunately overwhelmed by a volcano. The renowned city of Troy has acquired celebrity only from its ten years diſtreſs, and final conflagration—Paris riſes in importance, by the plots and maſſacres, which have ended in the exaltation of the illuſtrious Napoleon—and even the mighty London itſelf, has ſkulked through the records of time, celebrated for nothing of moment, excepting the plague, the great fire and Guy Faux's gunpowder plot! Thus cities and empires ſeem to creep along, enlarging in ſilent obſcurity under the pen of the hiſtorian, until at length they burſt forth in ſome tremendous calamity—and ſnatch as it were, immortality from the exploſion!

The above principle being admitted, my reader will plainly perceive that the city of New-Amſterdam and its dependent province, are on the high road to greatneſs. Dangers and hoſtilities threaten from every ſide, and it is really a matter of aſtoniſhment to me, how ſo ſmall a ſtate, has been able in ſo ſhort a time, to entangle itſelf in ſo many difficulties. Ever ſince the province was firſt taken by the noſe, at the Fort of Good Hope, in the tranquil days of Wouter Van Twiller, has it been gradually encreaſing in hiſtoric importance; and never could it have had

a more appropriate chieftain to conduct it to the pinnacle of grandeur, than Peter Stuyvesant.

In the fiery heart of this iron headed old warrior sat enthroned all those five kinds of courage described by Aristotle, and had the philosopher mentioned five hundred more to the back of them, I verily believe, he would have been found master of them all—The only misfortune was, that he was deficient in the better part of valour called discretion, a cold blooded virtue which could not exist in the tropical climate of his mighty soul. Hence it was, he was continually hurrying into those unheard of enterprises that give an air of chivalric romance to all his history, and hence it was that he now conceived a project, worthy of the hero of La Mancha himself.

This was no other than to repair in person to the great council of the Amphyctions, bearing the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other —to require immediate reparation for the innumerable violations of that treaty which in an evil hour he had formed—to put a stop to those repeated maraudings on the eastern borders—or else to throw his gauntlet and appeal to arms for satisfaction.

On declaring this resolution in his privy council, the venerable members were seized with vast astonishment: for once in their lives they ventured to remonstrate, setting forth the rashness of exposing his sacred person, in the midst of a strange and bar-

barous people, with ſundry other weighty remonſtrances—all which had about as much influence upon the determination of the headſtrong Peter, as though you were to endeavour to turn a ruſty weather cock, with a broken winded bellows.

Summoning therefore to his preſence, his truſty follower Antony Van Corlear, he commanded him to hold himſelf in readineſs to accompany him the following morning, on this his hazardous enterpriſe. Now Antony the trumpeter was a little ſtricken in years, yet by dint of keeping up a good heart, and having never known care or ſorrow (having never been married) he was ſtill a hearty, jocund rubicond, gameſome wag, and of great capacity in the doublet. This laſt was aſcribed to his living a jolly life on thoſe domains at the Hook, which Peter Stuyveſant had granted to him, for his gallantry at Fort Caſimir.

Be this at it may, there was nothing that more delighted Antony, than this command of the great Peter, for he could have followed the ſtout hearted old governor to the world's end, with love and loyalty—and he moreover ſtill remembered the frolicking and dancing and bundling, and other diſports of the eaſt country, and entertained dainty recollection of numerous kind and buxom laſſes, whom he longed exceedingly again to encounter.

Thus then did this mirror of hardihood ſet forth, with no other attendant but his trumpeter, upon one

of the moſt perilous enterpriſes ever recorded in the annals of Knight errantry.—For a ſingle warrior to venture openly among a whole nation of foes; but above all, for a plain downright Dutchman to think of negotiating with the whole council of New-England—never was there known a more deſperate under-taking!—Ever ſince I have entered upon the chronicles of this peerleſs but hitherto uncelebrated chieftain, has he kept me in a ſtate of inceſſant action and anxiety with the toils and dangers he is conſtantly encountering—Oh! for a chapter of the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, that I might repoſe on it as on a feather bed!

Is it not enough Peter Stuyveſant, that I have once already reſcued thee from the machinations of theſe terrible Amphyctions, by bringing the whole powers of witchcraft to thine aid?—Is it not enough, that I have followed thee undaunted, like a guardian ſpirit, into the midſt of the horrid battle of Fort Chriſtina?—That I have been put inceſſantly to my trumps to keep thee ſafe and ſound—now warding off with my ſingle pen the ſhower of daſtard blows that fell upon thy rear—now narrowly ſhielding thee from a deadly thruſt, by a mere tobacco box—now caſing thy dauntleſs ſcull with adamant, when even thy ſtubborn ram beaver failed to reſiſt the ſword of the ſtout Riſingh—and now, not merely bringing thee off alive, but triumphant, from the clutches of the gigantic Swede, by the deſperate means

of a paltry ſtone pottle?—Is not all this enough, but muſt thou ſtill be plunging into new difficulties and jeopardizing in headlong enterpriſes, thyſelf, thy trumpeter, and thy hiſtorian!

And now the ruddy faced Aurora, like a buxom chamber-maid, draws aſide the ſable curtains of the night, and out bounces from his bed the jolly red haired Phœbus, ſtartled at being caught ſo late in the embraces of Dame Thetis. With many a ſtable oath, he harneſſes his brazen footed ſteeds, and whips and laſhes, and ſplaſhes up the firmament, like a loitering poſt boy, half an hour behind his time. And now behold that imp of fame and proweſs the headſtrong Peter, beſtriding a raw boned, ſwitch tailed charger, gallantly arrayed in full regimentals, and bracing on his thigh that truſty braſs hilted ſword, which had wrought ſuch fearful deeds on the banks of the Delaware.

Behold hard after him his doughty trumpeter Van Corlear, mounted on a broken winded, wall eyed, calico mare; his ſtone pottle which had laid low the mighty Riſingh, ſlung under his arm, and his trumpet diſplayed vauntingly in his right hand, decorated with a gorgeous banner, on which is emblazoned the great beaver of the Manhattoes. See them proudly iſſuing out of the city gate, like an iron clad hero of yore, with his fathful ſquire at his heels, the populace following them with their eyes, and ſhouting many a parting wiſh, and hearty cheering.

—Farewel, Hard-koppig-Piet! Farewel honeſt Antony!—Pleaſant be your way-faring—proſperous your return! The ſtouteſt hero that ever drew a ſword, and the worthieſt trumpeter that ever trod ſhoe leather.

Legends are lamentably ſilent about the events that befel our adventurers, in this their adventurous travel, excepting the Stuyveſant Manuſcript, which gives the ſubſtance of a pleaſant little heroic poem, written on the occaſion by Domini Ægidius Luyck,* who appears to have been the poet-laureat of New-Amſterdam. This ineſtimable manuſcript aſſures us, that it was a rare ſpectacle to behold the great Peter and his loyal follower, hailing the morning ſun, and rejoicing in the clear countenance of nature, as they pranced it through the paſtoral ſcenes of Bloemen Dael;† which, in thoſe days, was a ſweet and rural valley, beautified with many a bright wild flower, refreſhed by many a pure ſtreamlet, and enlivened here and there by a delectable little Dutch cottage, ſheltered under ſome ſloping hill, and almoſt buried in embowering trees.

Now did they enter upon the confines of Connecticut, where they encountered many grievous diffi-

* This Luyck, was moreover, rector of the Latin ſchool in Nieuw-Nederlandt, 1663. There are two pieces of Ægidius Luyck in D. Selyn's MSS. of poeſies, upon his marriage with Judith Isendoorn. Old. MS.

† Now called Blooming Dale, about four miles from New-York.

culties and perils. At one place they were aſſailed by a troop of country ſquires and militia colonels, who, mounted on goodly ſteeds, hung upon their rear for ſeveral miles, haraſſing them exceedingly with gueſſes and queſtions, more eſpecially the worthy Peter, whoſe ſilver chas'd leg excited not a little marvel. At another place hard by the renowned town of Stamford, they were ſet upon by a great and mighty legion of church deacons, who imperiouſly demanded of them five ſhillings, for travelling on Sunday, and threatened to carry them captive to a neighbouring church, whoſe ſteeple peer'd above the trees; but theſe the valiant Peter put to rout with little difficulty, inſomuch that they beſtrode their canes and and gallopped off in horrible confuſion, leaving their cocked hats behind in the hurry of their flight. But not ſo eaſily did he eſcape from the hands of a crafty man of Pyquag; who, with undaunted perſeverance, and repeated onſets, fairly bargained him out of his goodly ſwitch-tailed charger, leaving in place thereof a villanous, ſpavined, foundered Naraganſet pacer.

But, maugre all theſe hardſhips, they purſued their journey cheerily along the courſe of the ſoft flowing Connecticut, whoſe gentle waves, ſays the ſong, roll through many a fertile vale, and ſunny plain; now reflecting the lofty ſpires of the buſtling city, and now the rural beauties of the humble hamlet; now echoing with the buſy hum of commerce, and now with the cheerful ſong of the peaſant.

At every town would Peter Stuyveſant, who was noted for warlike punctilio, order the ſturdy Antony to ſound a courteous ſalution; though the manuſcript obſerves, that the inhabitants were thrown into great diſmay, when they heard of his approach. For the fame of his incomparable achievements on the Delaware, had ſpread throughout the eaſt country, and they dreaded leſt he had come to take vengeance on their manifold tranſgreſſions.

But the good Peter rode through theſe towns with a ſmiling aſpect; waving his hand with inexpreſſible majeſty and condeſcenſion; for he verily believed that the old clothes which theſe ingenious people had thruſt into their broken windows, and the feſtoons of dried apples and peaches which ornamented the fronts of their houſes, were ſo many decorations in honour of his approach; as it was the cuſtom in the days of chivalry, to compliment renowned heroes, by ſumptuous diſplays of tapeſtry and gorgeous furniture. The women crowded to the doors to gaze upon him as he paſſed, ſo much does proweſs in arms delight the gentle ſex. The little children too, ran after him in troops, ſtaring with wonder at his regimentals, his brimſtone breeches, and the ſilver garniture of his wooden leg. Nor muſt I omit to mention the joy which many ſtrapping wenches betrayed, at beholding the jovial Van Corlear, who had whilom delighted them ſo much with his trumpet, when he bore the great

Peter's challenge to the Amphyctions. The kind-hearted Antony alighted from his calico mare, and kiſſed them all with infinite loving-kindneſs—and was right pleaſed to ſee a crew of little trumpeters crowding around him for his bleſſing; each of whom he patted on the head, bade him be a good boy, and gave him a penny to buy molaſſes candy.

The Stuyveſant manuſcript makes but little further mention of the governor's adventures upon this expedition, excepting that he was received with extravagant courteſy and reſpect by the great council of the Amphyctions, who almoſt talked him to death with complimentary and congratulatory harangues. I will not detain my readers by dwelling on his negotiations with the grand council. Suffice it to mention, it was like all other negotiations—a great deal was ſaid, and very little done: one converſation led to another—one conference begat miſunderſtandings which it took a dozen conferences to explain; at the end of which the parties found themſelves juſt where they were at firſt; excepting that they had entangled themſelves in a hoſt of queſtions of etiquette, and conceived a cordial diſtruſt of each other, that rendered their future negotiations ten times more difficult than ever.*

* For certain of the particulars of this ancient negotiation see Haz. Col. State Pap. It is singular that Smith is entirely silent with respect to this memorable expedition of Peter Stuyvesant.

In the midſt of all theſe perplexities, which bewildered the brain and incenſed the ire of the ſturdy Peter, who was perhaps, of all men in the world, leaſt fitted for diplomatic wiles, he privately received the firſt intimation of the dark conſpiracy which had been matured in the Cabinet of England. To this was added the aſtounding intelligence that a hoſtile ſquadron had already ſailed from England, deſtined to reduce the province of New-Netherlands, and that the grand council of Amphyctions had engaged to cooperate, by ſending a great army to invade New-Amſterdam by land.

Unfortunate Peter! did I not enter with ſad forebodings upon this ill ſtarred expedition! did I not tremble when I ſaw thee, with no other counſellor but thine own head, with no other armour but an honeſt tongue, a ſpotleſs conſcience and a ruſty ſword! with no other protector but St. Nicholas—and no other attendant but a trumpeter—Did I not tremble when I beheld thee thus ſally forth to contend with all the knowing powers of New-England.

Oh how did the ſturdy old warrior rage and roar, when he found himſelf thus entrapped, like a lion in the hunter's toil. Now did he determine to draw his truſty ſword, and manfully to fight his way through all the countries of the eaſt. Now did he reſolve to break in upon the council of the Amphyctions and

put every mother's ſon of them to death.—At length, as his direful wrath ſubſided, he reſorted to ſafer though leſs glorious expedients.

Concealing from the council his knowledge of their machinations, he privately diſpatched a truſty meſſenger, with miſſives to his counſellors at New-Amſterdam, appriſing them of the impending danger, commanding them immediately to put the city in a poſture of defence, while in the mean time he would endeavour to elude his enemies and come to their aſſiſtance. This done he felt himſelf marvellouſly relieved, roſe ſlowly, ſhook himſelf like a rhinoceros, and iſſued forth from his den, in much the ſame manner as Giant Deſpair is deſcribed to have iſſued from Doubting Caſtle, in the chivalric hiſtory of the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

And now much does it grieve me that I muſt leave the gallant Peter in this imminent jeopardy: but it behoves us to hurry back and ſee what is going on at New-Amſterdam, for greatly do I fear that city is already in a turmoil. Such was ever the fate of Peter Stuyveſant; while doing one thing with heart and ſoul, he was too apt to leave every thing elſe at ſixes and ſevens. While, like a potentate of yore, he was abſent attending to thoſe things in perſon, which in modern days are truſted to generals and ambaſſadors, his little territory at home was ſure to get in an uproar—All which was owing to that uncom-

mon ſtrength of intellect, which induced him to to truſt to nobody but himſelf, and which had acquired him the renowned appellation of Peter the Headſtrong.

CHAP. IV.

How the people of New-Amsterdam were thrown into a great panic, by the news of a threatened invasion, and the manner in which they fortified themselves.

THERE is no ſight more truly intereſting to a philoſopher, than to contemplate a community, where every individual has a voice in public affairs, where every individual thinks himſelf the atlas of the nation, and where every individual thinks it his duty to beſtir himſelf for the good of his country—I ſay, there is nothing more intereſting to a philoſopher, than to ſee ſuch a community in a ſudden buſtle of war. Such a clamour of tongues—ſuch a bawling of patriotiſm—ſuch running hither and thither—every body in a hurry—every body up to the ears in trouble—every body in the way, and every body interrupting his induſtrious neighbour—who is buſily employed in doing nothing! It is like witneſſing a great fire, where every man is at work like a hero—ſome dragging about empty engines—others ſcampering with full buckets, and ſpilling the contents into the boots of their neighbours—and others ringing the church bell

all night, by way of putting out the fire. Little firemen—like ſturdy little knights ſtorming a breach, clambering up and down ſcaling ladders, and bawling through tin trumpets, by way of directing the attack! —Here one buſy fellow, in his great zeal to ſave the property of the unfortunate, catches up an anonymous chamber utenſil, and gallants it off with an air of as much ſelf-importance, as if he had reſcued a pot of money—another throws looking glaſſes and china out of the window, to ſave them from the flames, while thoſe who can do nothing elſe, to aſſiſt the great calamity, run up and down the ſtreets with open throats, keeping up an inceſſant cry of *Fire! Fire! Fire!*

"When the news arrived at Sinope," ſays the grave and profound Lucian—though I own the ſtory is rather trite, "that Philip was about to attack them, the inhabitants were thrown into violent alarm. Some ran to furbiſh up their arms; others rolled ſtones to build up the walls—every body, in ſhort, was employed, and every body was in the way of his neighbour. Diogenes alone was the only man who could find nothing to do—whereupon, determining not to be idle when the welfare of his country was at ſtake, he tucked up his robe, and fell to rolling his tub with might and main, up and down the Gymnaſium." In like manner did every mother's ſon, in the patriotic community of New-Amſterdam, on receiving the miſſives of Peter Stuyveſant, buſy himſelf in

mightily in putting things in confuſion, and aſſiſting the general uproar. "Every man"—ſaith the Stuyveſant Manuſcript—"flew to arms!"—by which is meant, that not one of our honeſt Dutch citizens would venture to church or to market, without an old faſhioned ſpit of a ſword, dangling at his ſide, and a long Dutch fowling piece on his ſhoulder—nor would he go out of a night without a lanthorn; nor turn a corner without firſt peeping cautiouſly round, leſt he ſhould come unawares upon a Britiſh army—And we are informed, that Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who was conſidered by the old women, almoſt as brave a man as the governor himſelf—actually had two one pound ſwivels mounted in his entry, one pointing out at the front door, and the other at the back.

But the moſt ſtrenuous meaſure reſorted to on this awful occaſion, and one which has ſince been found of wonderful efficacy, was to aſſemble popular meetings. Theſe brawling convocations, I have already ſhewn, were extremely offenſive to Peter Stuyveſant, but as this was a moment of unuſual agitation, and as the old governor was not preſent to repreſs them, they broke out with intolerable violence. Hither, therefore, the orators and politicians repaired, and there ſeemed to be a competition among them, who ſhould bawl the loudeſt, and exceed the others in hyperbolical burſts of patriotiſm, and in reſolutions to uphold and defend the government. In theſe ſage and all powerful meetings it was determined,

nem con. that they were the moſt enlightened, the moſt dignified, the moſt formidable, and the moſt ancient community upon the face of the earth—Finding that this reſolution was ſo univerſally and readily carried, another was immediately propoſed—whether it were not poſſible and politic to exterminate Great Britain? upon which ſixty-nine members ſpoke moſt eloquently in the affirmative, and only one aroſe to ſuggeſt ſome doubts—who, as a puniſhment for his treaſonable preſumption, was immediately ſeized by the mob and tarred and feathered—which puniſhment being equivalent to the Tarpeian Rock, he was afterwards conſidered as an outcaſt from ſociety, and his opinion went for nothing. The queſtion, therefore, being unanimouſly carried in the affirmative, it was recommended to the grand council to paſs it into a law; which was accordingly done—By this meaſure the hearts of the people at large were wonderfully encouraged, and they waxed exceeding choleric and valorous. Indeed, the firſt paroxyſm of alarm having in ſome meaſure ſubſided; the old women having buried all the money they could lay their hands on, and their huſbands daily getting fuddled with what was left—the community began even to ſtand on the offenſive. Songs were manufactured in low Dutch and ſung about the ſtreets, wherein the Engliſh were moſt woefully beaten, and ſhown no quarter; and popular addreſſes were made, wherein it was proved

to a certainty, that the fate of Old England depended upon the will of the New-Amſterdammers.

Finally, to ſtrike a violent blow at the very vitals of Great Britain, a multitude of the wiſer inhabitants aſſembled, and having purchaſed all the Britiſh manufactures they could find, they made thereof a huge bonfire; and, in the patriotic glow of the moment, every man preſent, who had a hat or breeches of Engliſh workmanſhip, pulled it off, and threw it moſt undauntedly into the flames—to the irreparable detriment, loſs and ruin of the Engliſh manufacturers. In commemoration of this great exploit, they erected a pole on the ſpot, with a device on the top intended to repreſent the province of Nieuw-Nederlandts deſtroying Great Britain, under the ſimilitude of an Eagle picking the little Iſland of Old England out of the globe; but either through the unſkilfulneſs of the ſculptor, or his ill timed waggery, it bore a ſtriking reſemblance to a gooſe, vainly ſtriving to get hold of a dumpling.

CHAP. V.

Shewing how the grand Council of the New-Netherlands came to be miraculously gifted with long tongues.—Together with a great triumph of Economy.

It will need but very little penetration in any one acquainted with the character and habits of that moſt potent and bluſtering monarch, the ſovereign people, —to diſcover, that, notwithſtanding all the buſtle and talk of war that ſtunned him in the laſt chapter, the renowned city of New-Amſterdam is, in ſad reality, not a whit better prepared for defence than before. Now, though the people, having gotten over the firſt alarm, and finding no enemy immediately at hand, had, with that valour of tongue, for which your illuſtrious rabble is ſo famous, run into the oppoſite extreme, and by dint of gallant vapouring and rodomontado, had actually talked themſelves into the opinion, that they were the braveſt and moſt powerful people under the ſun; yet were the privy counſellors of Peter Stuyveſant ſomewhat dubious on that point. They dreaded moreover leſt that ſtern hero ſhould return and find, that, inſtead of obeying his per-

emptory orders, they had waſted their time in liſtening to the hectorings of the mob, than which, they well knew there was nothing he held in more exalted contempt.

To make up therefore as ſpeedily as poſſible for loſt time, a grand divan of the counſellors and burgomaſters was convened, to talk over the critical ſtate of the province and deviſe meaſures for its ſafety. Two things were unanimouſly agreed upon in this venerable aſſembly: firſt, that the city required to be put in a ſtate of defence—and ſecondly, That as the danger was imminent, there ſhould be no time loſt—which points being ſettled, they immediately fell to making long ſpeeches and belabouring one another in endleſs and intemperate diſputes. For about this time was this unhappy city firſt viſited by that talking endemic, ſo univerſally prevalent in this country, and which ſo invariably evinces itſelf, wherever a number of wiſe men aſſemble together; breaking out in long, windy ſpeeches, cauſed, as phyſicians ſuppoſe, by the foul air which is ever generated in a crowd. Now it was, moreover, that they firſt introduced the ingenious method of meaſuring the merits of an harangue by the hour-glaſs; he being conſidered the ableſt orator who ſpoke longeſt on a queſtion—For which excellent invention, it is recorded, we are indebted to the ſame profound Dutch critic who judged of books by their ſize.

This ſudden paſſion for endleſs harangues, ſo little conſonant with the cuſtomary gravity and taciturnity of our ſage forefathers, was ſuppoſed by certain learned philoſophers, to have been imbibed, together with divers other barbarous propenſities, from their ſavage neighbours; who were peculiarly noted for their *long talks* and *council fires*; who would never undertake any affair of the leaſt importance, without previous debates and harangues among their chiefs and *old men*. But the real cauſe was, that the people in electing their repreſentatives to the grand council, were particular in chooſing them for their talents at talking, without enquiring whether they poſſeſſed the more rare, difficult, and oft times important talent, of holding their tongues. The conſequence was, that this deliberative body was compoſed of the moſt loquacious men in the community. As they conſidered themſelves placed there to talk, every man concluded that his duty to his conſtituents, and, what is more, his popularity with them, required that he ſhould harangue on every ſubject, whether he underſtood it or not. There was an ancient mode of burying a chieftain, by every ſoldier throwing his ſhield full of earth on the corpſe, until a mighty mound was formed; ſo whenever a queſtion was brought forward in this aſſembly, every member preſſing forward to throw on his quantum of wiſdom, the ſubject was quickly buried under a huge maſs of words.

We are told, in the Attic nights of Aulus Gellius, that when diſciples were admitted into the ſchool of Pythagoras, they were for two years enjoined ſilence, and were neither permitted to aſk queſtions nor make remarks. After they had thus acquired the ineſtimable art of holding their tongues, they were gradually permitted to make inquiries, and finally to communicate their own opinions.

What a pity is it, that while ſuperſtitiouſly hoarding up the rubbiſh and rags of antiquity, we ſhould ſuffer theſe precious gems to lie unnoticed. What a beneficial effect would this wiſe regulation of Pythagoras have, if introduced in legiſlative bodies—and how wonderfully would it have tended to expedite buſineſs in the grand council of the Manhattoes.

Thus however, did dame wiſdom, (whom the wags of antiquity have humorouſly perſonified as a woman,) ſeem to take miſchievous pleaſure in jilting the venerable counſellors of New-Amſterdam. The old factions of Long Pipes and Short Pipes, which had been almoſt ſtrangled by the Herculean graſp of Peter Stuyveſant, now ſprung up with ten fold violence. Not that the original cauſe of difference ſtill exiſted, but it has ever been the fate of party names and party rancour to remain, long after the principles that gave riſe to them have been forgotten. To complete the public confuſion and bewilderment,

the fatal word *Economy*, which one would have thought was dead and buried with William the Testy, was once more set afloat, like the apple of discord, in the grand council of Nieuw-Nederlandts—according to which sound principle of policy, it was deemed more expedient to throw away twenty thousand guilders upon an inefficient plan of defence, than thirty thousand on a good and substantial one—the province thus making a clear saving of ten thousand guilders.

But when they came to discuss the mode of defence, then began a war of words that baffles all description. The members being, as I observed, enlisted in opposite parties, were enabled to proceed with amazing system and regularity in the discussion of the questions before them. Whatever was proposed by a Long Pipe, was opposed by the whole tribe of Short Pipes, who like true politicians, considered it their first duty to effect the downfall of the Long Pipes —their second, to elevate themselves, and their third to consult the welfare of the country. This at least was the creed of the most upright among the party, for as to the great mass, they left the third consideration out of the question altogether.

In this great collision of hard heads, it is astonishing the number of projects for defence, that were struck out, not one of which had ever been heard of before, nor has been heard of since, unless it be in very modern days—projects that threw the windmill system of the ingenious Kieft completely in the

back ground. Still, however, nothing could be decided on, for ſo ſoon as a formidable hoſt of air caſtles were reared by one party, they were demoliſhed by the other—the ſimple populace ſtood gazing in anxious expectation of the mighty egg, that was to be hatched, with all this cackling, but they gazed in vain, for it appeared that the grand council was determined to protect the province, as did the noble and gigantic Pantagruel his army—by covering it with his tongue.

Indeed there was a portion of the members conſiſting of fat, ſelf important old burghers, who ſmoked their pipes and ſaid nothing, excepting to negative every plan of defence that was offered. Theſe were of that claſs of wealthy old citizens who having amaſſed a fortune, button up their pockets, ſhut their mouths, look rich and are good for nothing all the reſt of their lives. Like ſome phlegmatic oyſter, which having ſwallowed a pearl, cloſes its ſhell, ſettles down in the mud and parts with its life ſooner than its treaſure. Every plan of defence ſeemed to theſe worthy old gentlemen pregnant with ruin. An armed force was a legion of locuſts, preying upon the public property—to fit out a naval armament was to throw their money into the ſea—to build fortifications was to bury it in the dirt. In ſhort they ſettled it as a ſovereign maxim, ſo long as their pockets were full, no matter how much they were drubbed—A kick left no ſcar—a broken head cured itſelf—but an empty

purſe was of all maladies the ſloweſt to heal, and one in which nature did nothing for the patient.

Thus did this venerable aſſembly of *sages*, laviſh away that time which the urgency of affairs rendered invaluable, in empty brawls and long winded ſpeeches, without ever agreeing, except on the point with which they ſtarted, namely, that there was no time to be loſt, and delay was ruinous. At length St. Nicholas, taking compaſſion on their diſtracted ſituation, and anxious to preſerve them from anarchy, ſo ordered, that in the midſt of one of their moſt noiſy debates on the ſubject of fortification and defence, when they had nearly fallen to loggerheads in conſequence of not being able to convince each other, the queſtion was happily ſettled by a meſſenger, who bounced into the chamber and informed them, that the hoſtile fleet had arrived, and was actually advancing up the bay!

Thus was all further neceſſity of either fortifying or diſputing completely obviated, and thus was the grand council ſaved a world of words, and the province a world of expenſe—a moſt abſolute and glorious triumph of œconomy!

CHAP. VI.

In which the troubles of New-Amsterdam appear to thicken—Shewing the bravery, in time of peril, of a people who defend themselves by resolutions.

LIKE as an assemblage of politic cats, engaged in clamorous gibberings, and catterwaulings, eyeing one another with hideous grimaces, spitting in each other's faces, and on the point of breaking forth into a general clapper-clawing, are suddenly put to scampering rout and confusion by the startling appearance of a house-dog—So was the no less vociferous council of New-Amsterdam, amazed, astounded, and totally dispersed, by the sudden arrival of the enemy. Every member made the best of his way home, waddling along as fast as his short legs could fag under their heavy burthen, and wheezing as he went with corpulency and terror. When he arrived at his castle, he barricadoed the street door, and buried himself in the cider cellar, without daring to peep out, lest he should have his head carried off by a cannon ball.

The sovereign people all crowded into the market place, herding together with the instinct of sheep,

who ſeek for ſafety in each other's company, when the ſhepherd and his dog are abſent and the wolf is prowling round the fold. Far from finding relief, however, they only increaſed each other's terrors. Each man looked ruefully in his neighbour's face, in ſearch of encouragement, but only found in its woe-begone lineaments, a confirmation of his own diſmay. Not a word now was to be heard of conquering Great Britain, not a whiſper about the ſovereign virtues of economy—while the old women heightened the general gloom, by clamorouſly bewailing their fate, and inceſſantly calling for protection on St. Nicholas and Peter Stuyveſant.

Oh, how did they bewail the abſence of the lion hearted Peter!—and how did they long for the comforting preſence of Antony Van Corlear! Indeed, a gloomy uncertainty hung over the fate of theſe adventurous heroes. Day after day had elapſed ſince the alarming meſſage from the governor, without bringing any further tidings of his ſafety. Many a fearful conjecture was hazarded as to what had befallen him and his loyal ſquire. Had they not been devoured alive by the cannibals of Marblehead and Cape Cod!—were they not put to the queſtion by the great council of Amphyctions?—were they not ſmothered in onions by the terrible men of Pyquag? —In the midſt of this conſternation and perplexity, when horror, like a mighty night-mare, ſat brooding upon the little, fat, plethoric city of New-Am[redacted]

dam, the ears of the multitude were ſuddenly ſtartled by a ſtrange and diſtant ſound—it approached—it grew louder and louder—and now it refounded at the city gate. The public could not be miſtaken in the well known ſound—A ſhout of joy burſt from their lips, as the gallant Peter, covered with duſt, and followed by his faithful trumpeter, came galloping into the market place.

The firſt tranſports of the populace having ſubſided, they gathered round the honeſt Antony, as he diſmounted from his horſe, overwhelming him with greetings and congratulations. In breathleſs accents he related to them the marvellous adventures through which the old governor and himſelf had gone, in making their eſcape from the clutches of the terrible Amphyctions. But though the Stuyveſant Manuſcript, with its cuſtomary minuteneſs where any thing touching the great Peter is concerned, is very particular, as to the incidents of this maſterly retreat, yet the particular ſtate of the public affairs, will not allow me to indulge in a full recital thereof. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that, while Peter Stuyveſant was anxiouſly revolving in his mind, how he could make good his eſcape with honour and dignity, certain of the ſhips ſent out for the conqueſt of the Manhattoes touched at the Eaſtern ports, to obtain needful ſupplies, and to call on the grand council of the league, for its promiſed co-operation. Upon hearing of this, the vigilant Peter, perceiving

that a moment's delay were fatal, made a ſecret and precipitate decampment, though much did it grieve his lofty ſoul, to be obliged to turn his back even upon a nation of foes. Many hair-breadth ſcapes and divers perilous miſhaps, did they ſuſtain, as they ſcoured, without ſound of trumpet, through the fair regions of the eaſt. Already was the country in an uproar with hoſtile preparation, and they were obliged to take a large circuit in their flight, lurking along, through the woody mountains of the Devil's back bone; from whence the valiant Peter ſallied forth one day, like a lion, and put to route a whole legion of ſquatters, conſiſting of three generations of a prolific family, who were already on their way to take poſſeſſion of ſome corner of the New-Netherlands. Nay, the faithful Antony had great difficulty at ſundry times, to prevent him in the exceſs of his wrath, from deſcending down from the mountains, and falling ſword in hand, upon certain of the border towns, who were marſhalling forth their draggletailed militia.

The firſt movements of the governor on reaching his dwelling, was to mount the roof, from whence he contemplated with rueful aſpect the hoſtile ſquadron. This had already come to anchor in the bay, and conſiſted of two ſtout frigates, having on board, as John Joſſelyn, gent informs us, "three hundred valiant red coats." Having taken this ſurvey, he ſat himſelf down, and wrote an epiſtle to the commander,

demanding the reaſon of his anchoring in the harbour without obtaining previous permiſſion ſo to do. This letter was couched in the moſt dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority, that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter ſardonic grin upon his viſage, all the while he wrote. Having diſpatched his letter, the grim Peter ſtumped to and fro about the town, with a moſt war-betokening countenance, his hands thruſt into his breeches pockets, and whiſtling a low Dutch Pſalm tune, which bore no ſmall reſemblance to the muſic of a north-eaſt wind, when a ſtorm is brewing—The very dogs as they eyed him ſkulked away in diſmay—while all the old and ugly women of New-Amſterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to ſave them from murder, robbery, and pitileſs raviſhment!

The reply of Col. Nichols, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courteſy with the letter of the governor—declaring the right and title of his Britiſh Majeſty to the province; where he affirmed the Dutch to be mere interlopers; and demanding that the town, forts, &c. ſhould be forthwith rendered into his majeſty's obedience and protection—promiſing at the ſame time, life, liberty, eſtate and free trade, to every Dutch denizen, who ſhould readily ſubmit to his majeſty's government.

Peter Stuyveſant read over this friendly epiſtle with ſome ſuch harmony of aſpect as we may ſuppoſe a cruſty farmer, who has long been fattening

upon his neighbour's ſoil, reads the loving letter of John Stiles, that warns him of an action of ejectment. The old governor, however, was not to be taken by ſurprize, but thruſting the ſummons into his breeches pocket, he ſtalked three times acroſs the room, took a pinch of ſnuff with great vehemence, and then loftily waving his hand, promiſed to ſend an anſwer the next morning. In the mean time he called a general council of war of his privy counſellors and Burgomaſters, not for the purpoſe of aſking their advice, for that, as has been already ſhewn, he valued not a ruſh; but to make kown unto them his ſovereign determination, and require their prompt adherence.

Before, however, he convened his council, he reſolved upon three important points; *firſt*, never to give up the city without a little hard fighting, for he deemed it highly derogatory to the dignity of ſo renowned a city, to ſuffer itſelf to be captured and ſtripped, without receiving a few kicks into the bargain. *Secondly*, that the majority of his grand council was compoſed of arrant poltroons, utterly deſtitute of true bottom—and, *thirdly*—that he would not therefore ſuffer them to ſee the ſummons of Col. Nichols, leſt the eaſy terms it held out might induce them to clamour for a ſurrender.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a piteous ſight to behold the late valiant Burgomaſters, who had demoliſhed the whole Britiſh empire in their

harangues; peeping ruefully out of their hiding places, and then crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; ſtarting at every little dog that barked, as though it had been a diſcharge of artillery—miſtaking lamp poſts for Britiſh grenadiers, and in the exceſs of their panic, metamorphoſing pumps into formidable ſoldiers, levelling blunderbuſſes at their boſoms! Having, however, in deſpite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived ſafe, without the loſs of a ſingle man, at the hall of aſſembly, they took their ſeats and awaited in fearful ſilence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and ſtout-hearted thumps upon the ſtair caſe—He entered the chamber, arrayed in full ſuit of regimentals, and carrying his truſty toledo, not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himſelf in this portentous manner, unleſs ſomething of martial nature were working within his fearleſs pericranium, his council regarded him ruefully, as a very Janus, bearing fire and ſword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathleſs ſuſpence.

The great Peter was as eloquent as he was valorous—indeed, theſe two rare qualities ſeemed to go hand and hand in his compoſition; and, unlike moſt great ſtateſmen, whoſe victories are only confined to the bloodleſs field of argument, he was always ready to enforce his hardy words by no leſs hardy deeds.

His ſpeeches were generally marked by a ſimplicity, approaching to bluntneſs, and by truly categorical deciſion. Addreſſing the grand council, he touched briefly upon the perils and hardſhips he had ſuſtained, in eſcaping from his crafty foes. He next reproached the council, for waſting in idle debate, and party feuds, that time which ſhould have been devoted to their country. He was particularly indignant at thoſe brawlers, who, conſcious of individual ſecurity, had diſgraced the councils of the province, by impotent hectorings and ſcurrilous invectives, againſt a noble and a powerful enemy—thoſe cowardly curs, who were inceſſant in their barkings and yelpings at the lion, while diſtant or aſleep, but the moment he approached, were the firſt to ſkulk away. He now called on thoſe who had been ſo valiant in their threats againſt Great Britain, to ſtand forth and ſupport their vauntings by their actions—for it was *deeds*, not *words* that beſpoke the ſpirit of a nation. He proceeded to recall the golden days of former proſperity, which were only to be gained by manfully withſtanding their enemies; for the peace, he obſerved, which is effected by force of arms, is always more ſure and durable, than that which is patched up by temporary accommodations. He endeavoured, moreover, to arouſe their martial fire, by reminding them of the time, when, before the frowning walls of Fort Chriſtina, he had led them on to victory—He ſtrove likewiſe to awaken their confidence, by aſſuring them of the pro-

tection of St. Nicholas, who had hitherto maintained them in safety, amid all the savages of the wilderness, the witches and squatters of the east, and the giants of Merry land. Finally, he informed them of the insolent summons he had received, to surrender, but concluded by swearing to defend the province as long as heaven was on his side, and he had a wooden leg to stand upon. Which noble sentence he emphasized by a tremendous thwack with the broad side of his sword upon the table, that totally electrified his auditors.

The privy counsellors, who had long been accustomed to the governor's way, and in fact had been brought into as perfect discipline, as were ever the soldiers of the great Frederick, saw that there was no use in saying a word—so lighted their pipes and smoked away in silence like fat and discreet counsellors. But the Burgomasters being less under the governor's controul, considering themselves as representatives of the sovereign people, and being moreover inflated with considerable importance and self-sufficiency, which they had acquired at those notable schools of wisdom and morality, the popular meetings, were not so easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirit, when they found there was some chance of escaping from their present jeopardy, without the disagreeable alternative of fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surrender, that

they might ſhew it to a general meeting of the people.

So inſolent and mutinous a requeſt would have been enough to have rouſed the gorge of the tranquil Van Twiller himſelf—what then muſt have been its effect upon the great Stuyveſant, who was not only a Dutchman, a Governor, and a valiant wooden legged ſoldier to boot, but withal a man of the moſt ſtomachful and gunpowder diſpoſition. He burſt forth into a blaze of noble indignation, to which the famous rage of Achilles was a mere pouting fit—ſwore not a mother's ſon of them ſhould ſee a ſyllable of it—that they deſerved, every one of them, to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for traitorouſly daring to queſtion the infallibility of government—that as to their advice or concurrence, he did not care a whiff of tobacco for either—that he had long been haraſſed and thwarted by their cowardly councils; but that they might thenceforth go home, and go to bed like old women; for he was determined to defend the colony himſelf, without the aſſiſtance of them or their adherents! So ſaying he tucked his ſword under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head, and girding up his loins, ſtumped indignantly out of the council chamber—every body making room for him as he paſſed.

No ſooner had he gone than the buſy Burgomaſters called a public meeting in front of the Stadt-houſe, where they appointed as chairman one Doſue Roerback,

a mighty gingerbread baker in the land, and formerly of the cabinet of William the Teſty. He was looked up to with great reverence by the populace, who conſidered him a man of dark knowledge, ſeeing he was the firſt that imprinted new-year cakes with the myſterious hieroglyphics of the Cock and Breeches, and ſuch like magical devices.

This great Burgomaſter, who ſtill chewed the cud of ill will againſt the valiant Stuyveſant, in conſequence of having been ignominiouſly kicked out of his cabinet at the time of his taking the reins of government—addreſſed the greaſy multitude in what is called a patriotic ſpeech, in which he informed them, of the courteous ſummons to ſurrender—of the governor's refuſal to comply therewith—of his denying the public a ſight of the ſummons, which he had no doubt, contained conditions highly to the honour and advantage of the province.

He then proceeded to ſpeak of his excellency in high ſounding terms, ſuitable to the dignity and grandeur of his ſtation, comparing him to Nero, Caligula, and thoſe other great men of yore, who are generally quoted by popular orators on ſimilar occaſions. Aſſuring the people, that the hiſtory of the world did not contain a deſpotic outrage to equal the preſent, for atrocity, cruelty, tyranny and blood-thirſtneſs—that it would be recorded in letters of fire, on the blood ſtained tablet of hiſtory! that ages would roll back with ſudden horror, when they

came to view it! That the womb of time—(by the way your orators and writers take ſtrange liberties with the womb of time, though ſome would fain have us believe that time is an old gentleman) that the womb of time, pregnant as it was with direful horrors, would never produce a parallel enormity!—With a variety of other heart-rending, ſoul ſtirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate—Neither indeed need I, for they were exactly the ſame that are uſed in all popular harangues and patriotic orations at the preſent day, and may be claſſed in rhetoric under the general title of RIGMAROLE.

The ſpeech of this inſpired Burgomaſter being finiſhed, the meeting fell into a kind of popular fermentation which produced not only a ſtring of right wiſe reſolutions, but likewiſe a moſt reſolute memorial, addreſſed to the governor, remonſtrating at his conduct—which was no ſooner handed to him, than he handed it into the fire; and thus deprived poſterity of an invaluable document, that might have ſerved as a precedent to the enlightened coblers and taylors, of the preſent day, in their ſage intermeddlings with politics.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a dolcful disaster of Antony the Trumpeter—And how Peter Stuyvesant, like a second Cromwell suddenly dissolved a rump Parliament.

Now did the high minded Pieter de Groodt, ſhower down a pannier load of benedictions upon his Burgomaſters, for a ſet of ſelf-willed, obſtinate, headſtrong varlets, who would neither be convinced nor perſuaded; and determined thenceforth to have nothing more to do with them, but to conſult merely the opinion of his privy counſellors, which he knew from experience to be the beſt in the world—inaſmuch as it never differed from his own. Nor did he omit, now that his hand was in, to beſtow ſome thouſand left-handed compliments upon the ſovereign people; whom he railed at for a herd of poltroons, who had no reliſh for the glorious hardſhips and illuſtrious miſadventures of battle—but would rather ſtay at home, and eat and ſleep in ignoble eaſe, than gain immortality and a broken head, by valiantly fighting in a ditch.

Reſolutely bent however upon defending his beloved city, in deſpite even of itſelf, he called unto him his truſty Van Corlear, who was his right hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horſe, to beat up the country, night and day—Sounding the alarm along the paſtoral borders of the Bronx—ſtartling the wild ſolitudes of Croton—arouſing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboeken—the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay*—and the brave boys of Tarry town and Sleepy hollow—together with all the other warriors of the country round about; charging them one and all, to fling their powder horns, ſhoulder their fowling pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

Now there was nothing in all the world, the divine ſex excepted, that Antony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So juſt ſtopping to take a luſty dinner, and bracing to his ſide his junk bottle, well charged with heart inſpiring Hollands, he iſſued jollily from the city gate, that looked out upon what is at preſent called Broad-way; ſounding as uſual a farewell ſtrain, that rung in ſprightly echoes through the winding ſtreets of New-Amſterdam—Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favourite trumpeter!

* A corruption of Top-paun; ſo called from a tribe of Indians which boasted 150 fighting men. See Ogilvie's History.

It was a dark and ſtormy night when the good Antony arrived at the famous creek (ſagely denominated Hœrlem *river*) which ſeparates the iſland of Manna-hata from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous founder of braſs acroſs the water. For a ſhort time he vapoured like an impatient ghoſt upon the brink, and then, bethinking himſelf of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his ſtone bottle, ſwore moſt valorouſly that he would ſwim acroſs, *en ſpijt den Duyvel* (in ſpite of the devil!) and daringly plunged into the ſtream.—Luckleſs Antony! ſcarce had he buffeted half way over, when he was obſerved to ſtruggle violently, as if battling with the ſpirit of the waters —inſtinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blaſt—ſunk for ever to the bottom!

The potent clangour of his trumpet, like the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncevalles, rung far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbours round, who hurried in amazement to the ſpot—Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witneſs of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with the fearful addition (to which I am ſlow of giving belief) that he ſaw the duyvel, in the ſhape of a huge Moſs-bonker, ſeize the ſturdy Antony by the leg, and drag him beneath

the waves. Certain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontory, which projects into the Hudſon, has been called *Spijt den duyvel*, or *Spiking devil*, ever ſince —the reſtleſs ghoſt of the unfortunate Antony ſtill haunts the ſurrounding ſolitudes, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbours, of a ſtormy night, mingling with the howling of the blaſt. Nobody ever attempts to ſwim over the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard againſt ſuch melancholy accidents in future—and as to Moſsbonkers, they are held in ſuch abhorrence, that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table, who loves good fiſh, and hates the devil.

Such was the end of Antony Van Corlear—a man deſerving of a better fate. He lived roundly and ſoundly, like a true and jolly batchelor, until the day of his death; but though he was never married, yet did he leave behind ſome two or three dozen children, in different parts of the country—fine chubby, brawling, flatulent little urchins, from whom, if legends ſpeak true, (and they are not apt to lie) did deſcend the innumerable race of editors, who people and defend this country, and who are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a conſtant alarm —and making them miſerable. Would that they inherited the worth, as they do the wind, of their renowned progenitor!

The tidings of this lamentable cataſtrophe imparted a ſeverer pang to the boſom of Peter Stuyveſant, than

did even the invaſion of his beloved Amſterdam. It came ruthleſsly home to thoſe ſweet affections that grow cloſe around the heart, and are nouriſhed by its warmeſt current. As ſome lorn pilgrim wandering in trackleſs waſtes, while the tempeſt whiſtles through his locks, and dreary night is gathering around, ſees ſtretched cold and lifeleſs, his faithful dog—the ſole companion of his journeying, who had ſhared his ſolitary meal, and ſo often licked his hand in humble gratitude—So did the generous hearted hero of the Manhattoes contemplate the untimely end of his faithful Antony. He had been the humble attendant of of his footſteps—he had cheered him in many a heavy hour, by his honeſt gaiety, and had followed him in loyalty and affection, through many a ſcene of direful peril and miſhap—he was gone for ever—and that too, at a moment when every mongrel cur ſeemed ſkulking from his ſide—This—Peter Stuyveſant—this was the moment to try thy fortitude; and this was the moment, when thou didſt indeed ſhine forth—Peter *the Headstrong!*

The glare of day had long diſpelled the horrors of the laſt ſtormy night; ſtill all was dull and gloomy. The late jovial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds, peeping out now and then, for an inſtant, as if anxious, yet fearful, to ſee what was going on in his favourite city. This was the eventful morning, when the great Peter was to give his reply to

the ſummons of the invaders. Already was he cloſetted with his privy council, ſitting in grim ſtate, brooding over the fate of his favourite trumpeter, and anon boiling with indignation as the inſolence of his recreant Burgomaſters flaſhed upon his mind. While in this ſtate of irritation, a courier arrived in all haſte from Winthrop, the ſubtle governor of Connecticut, counſelling him in the moſt affectionate and diſintereſted manner to ſurrender the province, and magnifying the dangers and calamities to which a refuſal would ſubject him.—What a moment was this to intrude officious advice upon a man, who never took advice in his whole life!—The fiery old governor ſtrode up and down the chamber, with a vehemence, that made the boſoms of his counſellors to quake with awe—railing at his unlucky fate, that thus made him the conſtant butt of factious ſubjects, and jeſuitical adviſers.

Juſt at this ill choſen juncture, the officious Burgomaſters, who were now completely on the watch, and had heard of the arrival of myſterious diſpatches, came marching in a reſolute body, into the room, with a legion of Schepens and toad-eaters at their heels, and abruptly demanded a peruſal of the letter. Thus to be broken in upon by what he eſteemed a "raſcal rabble," and that too at the very moment he was grinding under an irritation from abroad, was too much for the ſpleen of the choleric Peter. He

tore the letter in a thouſand pieces*—threw it in the face of the neareſt Burgomaſter—broke his pipe over the head of the next—hurled his ſpitting box at an unlucky Schepen, who was juſt making a maſterly retreat out at the door, and finally prorogued the whole meeting *sine die*, by kicking them down ſtairs with his wooden leg.

As ſoon as the Burgomaſters could recover from the confuſion into which their ſudden exit had thrown them, and had taken a little time to breathe, they proteſted againſt the conduct of the governor, which they did not heſitate to pronounce tyrannical, unconſtitutional, highly indecent, and ſomewhat diſreſpectful. They then called a public meeting, where they read the proteſt, and addreſſing the aſſembly in a ſet ſpeech, related at full length, and with appropriate colouring and exaggeration, the deſpotic and vindictive deportment of the governor; declaring that, for their own parts, they did not value a ſtraw the being kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of his excellency, but they felt for the dignity of the ſovereign people, thus rudely inſulted by the outrage committed on the ſeats of honour of their repreſentatives. The latter part of the harangue had a violent effect upon the ſenſibility of the people, as it came home at once, to that delicacy of feeling and jealous pride of character, veſted in all true mobs: who,

* Smith's History of N. Y.

though they may bear injuries without a murmur, yet are marvellously jealous of their sovereign dignity—and there is no knowing to what act of resentment they might have been provoked against the redoubtable Peter—had not the greasy rogues been somewhat more afraid of their sturdy old governor, than they were of St. Nicholas, the English—or the D——l himself.

CHAP. VIII.

How Peter Stuyvesant defended the city of New-Amsterdam for several days, by dint of the strength of his head.

THERE is something exceedingly sublime and melancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of our history presents. An illustrious and venerable little city—the metropolis of an immense extent of uninhabited country—garrisoned by a doughty host of orators, chairmen, committee-men, Burgomasters, Schepens and old women—governed by a determined and strong headed warrior, and fortified by mud batteries, pallisadoes and resolutions—blockaded by sea, beleagured by land, and threatened with direful desolation from without; while its very vitals are torn with internal faction and commotion! Never did historic pen record a page of more complicated distress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israelites during the siege of Jerusalem—where discordant parties were cutting each other's throats, at the moment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled down their bulwarks, and were carrying fire

and ſword into the very ſanctum ſanctorum of the temple.

Governor Stuyveſant having triumphantly, as has been recorded, put his grand council to the rout, and thus delivered himſelf from a multitude of impertinent adviſers, diſpatched a categorical reply to the commanders of the invading ſquadron; wherein he aſſerted the right and title of their High Mightineſſes the lords States general to the province of New-Netherlands, and truſting in the righteouſneſs of his cauſe, ſet the whole Britiſh nation at defiance! My anxiety to extricate my readers, and myſelf, from theſe diſaſtrous ſcenes, prevents me from giving the whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in theſe manly and affectionate terms:

" As touching the threats in your concluſion, we " have nothing to anſwer, only that we fear no- " thing but what God, (who is as juſt as merciful) " ſhall lay upon us; all things being in his gra- " cious diſpoſal, and we may as well be preſerved " by him with ſmall forces, as by a great army; " which makes us to wiſh you all happineſs and " proſperity, and recommend you to his protection " —My lords, your thrice humble and affectionate " ſervant and friend

" P. Stuyveſant."

Thus having refolutely thrown his gauntlet, the the brave Peter ſtuck a pair of horſe piſtols in his belt, girded an immenſe powder horn on his ſide—thruſt his ſound leg into a Heſſian boot, and clapping his fierce little war hat on the top of his head—paraded up and down in front of his houſe, determined to defend his beloved city to the laſt.

While all theſe woeful ſtruggles and diſſenſions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New-Amſterdam, and while its worthy, but ill ſtarred governor was framing the above quoted letter, the Engliſh commanders did not remain idle. They had agents ſecretly employed to foment the fears and clamours of the populace; and moreover circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their ſummons to ſurrender, and beguiling the ſimple Nederlanders with the moſt crafty and conciliating profeſſions. They promiſed that every man who voluntarily ſubmitted to the authority of his Britiſh majeſty, ſhould retain peaceable poſſeſſion of his houſe, his vrouw, and his cabbage garden. That he ſhould be ſuffered to ſmoke his pipe, ſpeak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleaſed, and import bricks, tiles and ſtone jugs from Holland, inſtead of manufacturing them on the ſpot—That he ſhould on no account be compelled to learn the Engliſh language, or keep accounts in any other way than by caſting them upon his fingers, and chalking them down

upon the crown of his hat; as is ſtill obſerved among the Dutch yeomanry at the preſent day. That every man ſhould be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, ſhoe-buckles, pipe and every other perſonal appendage, and that no man ſhould be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but on the contrary ſhould be permitted to build his houſe, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, preciſely as his anceſtors did before him ſince time immemorial—Finally, that he ſhould have all the benefits of free trade, and ſhould not be required to acknowledge any other ſaint in the calendar than ſaint Nicholas, who ſhould thenceforward, as before, be conſidered the tutelar ſaint of the city.

Theſe terms as may be ſuppoſed, appeared very ſatisfactory to the people, who had a great diſpoſition to enjoy their property unmoleſted, and a moſt ſingular averſion to engage in a conteſt, where they could gain little more than honour and broken heads—the firſt of which they held in philoſophic indifference, the latter in utter deteſtation. By theſe inſidious means, therefore, did the Engliſh ſucceed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they conſidered as obſtinately bent upon running them nto hideous miſadventures; and did not heſitate to ſpeak their minds freely, and abuſe him moſt heartily—behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus, who though aſſailed and buffeted by roaring waves and brawling ſurges, ſtill keeps on an undeviating courſe; and though overwhelmed by boiſterous billows, ſtill emerges from the troubled deep, ſpouting and blowing with tenfold violence—ſo did the inflexible Peter purſue, unwavering, his determined career, and riſe contemptuous, above the clamours of the rabble.

But when the Britiſh warriors found, by the tenor of his reply, that he ſet their power at defiance, they forthwith diſpatched recruiting officers to Jamaica, and Jericho, and Nineveh, and Quag, and Patchog, and all thoſe towns on Long-Iſland, which had been ſubdued of yore by the immortal Stoffel Brinkerhoff; ſtirring up the valiant progeny of Preſerved Fiſh, and Determined Cock, and thoſe other illuſtrious ſquatters, to aſſail the city of New-Amſterdam by land. In the mean while the hoſtile ſhips made awful preparation to commence an aſſault by water.

The ſtreets of New-Amſterdam now preſented a ſcene of wild diſmay and conſternation. In vain did the gallant Stuyveſant order the citizens to arm and aſſemble in the public ſquare or market place. The whole party of Short Pipes in the courſe of a ſingle night had changed into arrant old women—a metamorphoſis only to be paralleled by the prodigies recorded by Livy as having happened to Rome at the approach of Hannibal, when ſtatues ſweated

in pure affright, goats were converted into ſheep, and cocks turning into hens ran cackling about the ſtreets.

The haraſſed Peter, thus menaced from without and tormented from within—baited by the Burgomaſters and hooted at by the rabble, chafed and growled and raged like a furious bear tied to a ſtake and worried by a legion of ſcoundrel curs. Finding, however, that all further attempts to defend the city were vain, and hearing that an irruption of borderers and moſs troopers was ready to deluge him from the eaſt, he was at length compelled, in ſpite of his proud heart, which ſwelled in his throat until it had nearly choked him, to conſent to a treaty of ſurrender.

Words cannot expreſs the tranſports of the people, on receiving this agreeable intelligence; had they obtained a conqueſt over their enemies, they could not have indulged greater delight—The ſtreets reſounded with their congratulations—they extolled their governor as the father and deliverer of his country—they crowded to his houſe to teſtify their gratitude, and were ten times more noiſy in their plaudits, than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Chriſtina—But the indignant Peter ſhut his doors and windows and took refuge in the innermoſt receſſes of his manſion, that he might not hear the ignoble rejoicings of the rabble.

In conſequence of this conſent of the governor, a parley was demanded of the beſieging forces to treat of the terms of ſurrender. Accordingly a deputation of ſix commiſſioners was appointed on both ſides, and on the 27th Auguſt, 1664, a capitulation highly favourable to the province, and honourable to Peter Stuyveſant, was agreed to by the enemy, who had conceived a high opinion of the valour of the men of the Manhattoes, and the magnanimity and unbounded diſcretion of their governor.

One thing alone remained, which was, that the articles of ſurrender ſhould be ratified, and ſigned by the governor. When the commiſſioners reſpectfully waited upon him for this purpoſe, they were received by the hardy old warrior with the moſt grim and bitter courteſy. His warlike accoutrements were laid aſide—an old India night gown was wrapped around his rugged limbs, a red night cap overſhadowed his frowning brow, and an iron grey beard, of three days growth, gave additional grimneſs to his viſage. Thrice did he ſeize a little worn out ſtump of a pen, and eſſay to ſign the loathſome paper—thrice did he clinch his teeth, and make a moſt horrible countenance, as though a peſtiferous doſe of rhubarb, ſenna and ipecacuanha, had been offered to his lips; at length, daſhing it from him, he ſeized his brass hilted ſword, and jerking it from the ſcabbard, ſwore by St. Nicholas, he'd ſooner die than yield to any power under heaven.

In vain was every attempt to ſhake this ſturdy reſolution—menaces, remonſtrances, revilings were exhauſted to no purpoſe—for two whole days was the houſe of the valiant Peter beſieged by the clamorous rabble, and for two whole days did he betake himſelf to his arms, and perſiſt in a magnanimous refuſal to ratify the capitulation—thus, like another Horatius Cocles, bearing the whole brunt of war, and defending this modern Rome, with the proweſs of his ſingle arm!

At length the populace, finding that boiſterous meaſures did but incenſe more determined oppoſition, bethought themſelves of an humble expedient, by which, haply, the governor's lofty ire might be ſoothed, and his reſolution undermined. And now a ſolemn and mournful proceſſion, headed by the Burgomaſters and Schepens, and followed by the populace, moves ſlowly to the governor's dwelling, bearing the capitulation. Here they found the ſtout old hero, drawn up like a giant into his caſtle, the doors ſtrongly barricadoed, and himſelf in full regimentals, with his cocked hat on his head, firmly poſted with a blunderbuſs at the garret window.

There was ſomething in this formidable poſition that ſtruck even the ignoble vulgar, with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but reflect with ſelf abaſement, upon their own puſillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but

deſerted old governor, thus faithful to his poſt, like a forlorn hope, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the laſt. Theſe compunctions, however, were ſoon overwhelmed by the recurring tide of of public apprehenſion. The populace arranged themſelves before the houſe, taking off their hats, with moſt reſpectful humility—Burgomaſter Roerback, who was of that popular claſs of orators, deſcribed by old Salluſt, as being "talkative rather than eloquent," ſtepped forth and addreſſed the governor in a ſpeech of three hour's length; detailing in the moſt pathetic terms the calamitous ſituation of the province, and urging him in a conſtant repetition of the ſame arguments and words, to ſign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his little garret window in grim ſilence—now and then his eye would glance over the ſurrounding rabble, and an indignant grin, like that of an angry maſtiff, would mark his iron viſage—But though he was a man of moſt undaunted mettle—though he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have ſet adamant to ſcorn—yet after all he was a mere mortal:—wearied out by theſe repeated oppoſitions and this eternal haranguing and perceiving that unleſs he complied, the inhabitants would follow their inclinations, or rather their fears, without waiting for his conſent, he teſtily ordered them to hand him up the paper. It was

accordingly hoiſted to him on the end of a pole, and having ſcrawled his name at the bottom of it, he anathematized them all for a ſet of cowardly, mutinous, degenerate poltroons—threw the capitulation at their heads, flammed down the window, and was heard ſtumping down ſtairs with the moſt vehement indignation. The rabble incontinently took to their heels; even the Burgomaſters were not ſlow in evacuating the premiſes, fearing leſt the ſturdy Peter might iſſue from his den, and greet them with ſome unwelcome teſtimonial of his diſpleaſure.

Within three hours after the ſurrender, a legion of Britiſh beef fed warriors poured into New-Amſterdam, taking poſſeſſion of the fort and batteries. And now might be heard, from all quarters, the ſound of hammers made by the old Dutch burghers, who were buſily employed, nailing up their doors and windows, to protect their vrouws from theſe fierce barbarians, whom they contemplated in ſilent ſullenneſs from the garret windows, as they paraded through the ſtreets.

Thus did Col. Richard Nichols, the commander of the Britiſh forces enter into quiet poſſeſſion of the conquered realm as *locum tenens* for the duke of York. The victory was attended with no other outrage than that of changing the name of the province and its metropolis, which thenceforth were denominated NEW-YORK, and ſo have continued to be called unto the preſent day. The inhabitants, according

treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet poſſeſſion of their property; but ſo inveterately did they retain their abhorrence to the Britiſh nation, that in a private meeting of the leading citizens, it was unanimouſly determined, never to aſk any of their conquerors to dinner.

CHAP. IX.

Containing the dignified retirement, and mortal surrender of Peter the Headstrong.

THUS then have I concluded this great hiſtorical enterprize; but before I lay aſide my weary pen, there yet remains to be performed one pious duty. If among the variety of readers that may peruſe this book, there ſhould haply be found any of thoſe ſouls of true nobility, which glow with celeſtial fire, at the hiſtory of the generous and the brave, they will doubtleſs be anxious to know the fate of the gallant Peter Stuyveſant. To gratify one ſuch ſterling heart of gold I would go more lengths, than to inſtruct the cold blooded curioſity of a whole fraternity of philoſophers.

No ſooner had that high mettled cavalier ſigned the articles of capitulation, than, determined not to witneſs the humiliation of his favourite city, he turned his back on its walls and made a growling retreat to his *Bouwery*, or country ſeat, which was ſituated about two miles off; where he paſſed the remainder of his days in patriarchal retirement. There he enjoyed that tranquillity of mind, which he had never known amid

the diſtracting cares of government; and taſted the ſweets of abſolute and uncontrouled authority, which his factious ſubjects had ſo often daſhed with the bitterneſs of oppoſition.

No perſuaſions could ever induce him to reviſit the city—on the contrary he would always have his great arm chair placed with its back to the windows which looked in that direction; until a thick grove of trees planted by his own hand grew up and formed a ſcreen, that effectually excluded it from the proſpect. He railed continually at the degenerate innovations and improvements introduced by the conquerors—forbade a word of their deteſted language to be ſpoken in his family, a prohibition readily obeyed, ſince none of the houſehold could ſpeak any thing but Dutch—and even ordered a fine avenue to be cut down in front of his houſe, becauſe it conſiſted of Engliſh cherry trees.

The ſame inceſſant vigilance, that blazed forth when he had a vaſt province under his care, now ſhowed itſelf with equal vigour, though in narrower limits. He patrolled with unceaſing watchfulneſs around the boundaries of his little territory; repelled every encroachment with intrepid promptneſs; puniſhed every vagrant depredation upon his orchard or his farm yard with inflexible ſeverity—and conducted every ſtray hog or cow in triumph to the pound. But to the indigent neighbour, the friendleſs ſtranger, or the weary wanderer, his ſpa-

cious door was ever open, and his capacious fire place, that emblem of his own warm and generous heart, had always a corner to receive and cheriſh them. There was an exception to this, I muſt confeſs, in caſe the ill ſtarred applicant was an Engliſhman or a Yankee, to whom, though he might extend the hand of aſſiſtance, he could never be brought to yield the rites of hoſpitality. Nay, if peradventure ſome ſtraggling merchant of the eaſt, ſhould ſtop at his door, with his cart load of tin ware or wooden bowls, the fiery Peter would iſſue forth like a giant from his caſtle, and make ſuch a furious clattering among his pots and kettles, that the vender of "*notions*" was fain to betake himſelf to inſtant flight.

His ancient ſuit of regimentals, worn threadbare by the bruſh, were carefully hung up in the ſtate bed chamber, and regularly aired the firſt fair day of every month—and his cocked hat and truſty ſword, were ſuſpended in grim repoſe, over the parlour mantle-piece, forming ſupporters to a full length portrait of the renowned admiral Von Tromp. In his domeſtic empire he maintained ſtrict diſcipline, and a well organized, deſpotic government; but though his own will was the ſupreme law, yet the good of his ſubjects was his conſtant object. He watched over, not merely their immediate comforts, but their morals, and their ultimate welfare; for he gave them abundance of excellent admonition, no-

could any of them complain, that when occaſion required, he was by any means niggardly in beſtowing wholeſome correction.

The good old Dutch feſtivals, thoſe periodical demonſtrations of an overflowing heart and a thankful ſpirit, which are falling into ſad diſuſe among my fellow citizens, were faithfully obſerved in the manſion of governor Stuyveſant. New-year was truly a day of open handed liberality, of jocund revelry, and warm hearted congratulation—when the boſom ſeemed to ſwell with genial good-fellowſhip—and the plenteous table was attended with an unceremonious freedom, and honeſt broad mouthed merriment, unknown in theſe days of degeneracy and refinement. Paas and Pinxter were ſcrupulouſly obſerved throughout his dominions; nor was the day of St. Nicholas ſuffered to paſs by, without making preſents, hanging the ſtocking in the chimney, and complying with all its other ceremonies.

Once a year, on the firſt day of April, he uſed to array himſelf in full regimentals, being the anniverſary of his triumphal entry into New-Amſterdam, after the conqueſt of New-Sweden. This was always a kind of ſaturnalia among the domeſtics, when they conſidered themſelves at liberty in ſome meaſure, to ſay and do what they pleaſed; for on this day their maſter was always obſerved to *unbend*, and become exceeding pleaſant and jocoſe, *ſending* the old greyheaded negroes on April fools

errands for pigeon's milk; not one of whom but allowed himſelf to be taken in, and humoured his old maſter's jokes, as became a faithful and well diſciplined dependant. Thus did he reign, happily and peacefully on his own land—injuring no man—envying no man—moleſted by no outward ſtrifes; perplexed by no internal commotions—and the mighty monarchs of the earth, who were vainly ſeeking to mantain peace, and promote the welfare of mankind, by war and deſolation, would have done well to have made a voyage to the little iſland of Manna-hata, and learned a leſſon in government, from the domeſtic economy of Peter Stuyveſant.

In proceſs of time, however, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit evident tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which, though it long has braved the fury of the elements, and ſtill retains its gigantic proportions, yet begins to ſhake and groan with every blaſt—ſo the gallant Peter, though he ſtill bore the port and ſemblance of what he was, in the days of his hardihood and chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to ſap the vigour of his frame—but his heart, that moſt unconquerable citadel, ſtill triumphed unſubdued. With matchleſs avidity would he liſten to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the Engliſh and Dutch —Still would his pulſe beat high, whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter—and his countenance lower, and his eye brows knit, when fortune turned

in favour of the Engliſh. At length, as on a certain day, he had juſt ſmoked his fifth pipe, and was napping after dinner, in his arm chair, conquering the whole Britiſh nation in his dreams, he was ſuddenly aroused by a fearful ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that put all his blood in a ferment. But when he learnt, that theſe rejoicings were in honour of a great victory obtained by the combined Engliſh and French fleets, over the brave De Ruyter, and the younger Von Tromp, it went ſo much to his heart, that he took to his bed, and in leſs than three days, was brought to death's door, by a violent cholera morbus! But even in this extremity, he ſtill diſplayed the unconquerable ſpirit of Peter *the Headſtrong*; holding out, to the laſt gaſp, with the moſt inflexible obſtinacy, againſt a whole army of old women, who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, after a true Dutch mode of defence, by inundating the ſeat of war with catnip and penny royal.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of diſſolution, news was brought him, that the brave De Ruyter had ſuffered but little loſs—had made good his retreat—and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The cloſing eye of the old warrior kindled at the words—he partly raiſed himſelf in bed—a flaſh of martial fire beamed acroſs his viſage—he clinched his withered hand, as if he felt within his gripe that ſword which waved in triumph before the

walls of Fort Chriſtina, and giving a grim ſmile of exultation, ſunk back upon his pillow, and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyveſant, a valiant ſoldier—a loyal ſubject—an upright governor, and an honeſt Dutchman—who wanted only a few empires to deſolate, to have been immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obſequies were celebrated with the utmoſt grandeur and ſolemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the laſt ſad honours to their good old governor. All his ſterling qualities ruſhed in full tide upon their recollections, while the memory of his foibles, and his faults, had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who ſhould have the privilege of bearing the pall; the populace ſtrove who ſhould walk neareſt to the bier—and the melancholy proceſſion was cloſed by a number of grey headed negroes, who had wintered and ſummered in the houſehold of their departed maſter, for the greater part of a century.

With ſad and gloomy countenances, the multitude gathered round the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts, on the ſturdy virtues, the ſignal ſervices and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled, with ſecret upbraidings, their own factious oppoſitions to his government—and many an ancient burgher, whoſe phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moiſten—was now obſerved to puff a penſive pipe, and the

drop to ſteal down his cheek—while he muttered, with affectionate accent, and melancholy ſhake of the head—"Well den!—Hardkoppig Peter ben gone at laſt!"

His remains were depoſited in the family vault, under a chapel, which he had piouſly erected on his eſtate, and dedicated to St. Nicholas—and which ſtood on the identical ſpot at preſent occupied by St. Mark's Church, where his tomb ſtone is ſtill to be ſeen. His eſtate, or *Bouwery*, as it was called, has ever continued in the poſſeſſion of his deſcendants, who, by the uniform integrity of their conduct, and their ſtrict adherence to the cuſtoms and manners that prevailed in the "*good old times*," have proved themſelves worthy of their illuſtrious anceſtor. Many a time and oft, has the farm been haunted at night by enterprizing money-diggers, in queſt of pots of gold, ſaid to have been buried by the old governor—though I cannot learn that any of them have ever been enriched by their reſearches—and who is there, among my native born fellow citizens, that does not remember, when in the miſchievous days of his boyhood, he conceived it a great exploit, to rob "Stuyveſant's orchard" on a holyday afternoon.

At this ſtrong hold of the family may ſtill be ſeen certain memorials of the immortal Peter. His full length portrait frowns in martial terrors from the parlour wall—his cocked hat and ſword ſtill hang up in the beſt bed room—His brimſtone coloured breeches

were for a long while ſuſpended in the hall, until ſome years ſince they occaſioned a diſpute between a new married couple—And his ſilver mounted wooden leg is ſtill treaſured up in the ſtore room, as an invaluable relique.

CHAP. X.

The author's reflections upon what has been said.

AMONG the numerous events, which are each in their turn, the moſt direful and melancholy of all poſſible occurrences, in your intereſting and authentic hiſtory, there is none that occaſions ſuch deep and heart rending grief, as the decline and fall of your renowned and mighty empires. Where is the reader who can contemplate without emotion, the diſaſtrous events by which the great Dynaſties of the world have been extinguiſhed? While wandering, in imagination, among the gigantic ruins of ſtates and empires, and marking the tremendous convulſions that wrought their overthrow, the boſom of the melancholy inquirer ſwells with ſympathy commenſurate to the ſurrounding deſolation. Kingdoms, principalities and powers, have each had their riſe, their progreſs, and their downfall—each in its turn has ſwayed a potent ſceptre—each has returned to its primeval nothingneſs. And thus did it fare with the empire of their high mightineſſes, at the Manhattoes, under the peaceful reign of Walter the Doubter—the fretful reign of William the Teſty, and the chivalric reign of Peter the Headſtrong.

Its hiſtory is fruitful of inſtruction, and worthy of being pondered over attentively; for it is by thus raking among the aſhes of departed greatneſs, that the ſparks of true knowledge are found, and the lamp of wiſdom illumined. Let then the reign of Walter the Doubter warn againſt yielding to that fleek, contented ſecurity, that overweening fondneſs for comfort and repoſe, that are produced by a ſtate of proſperity and peace. Theſe tend to unnerve a nation, to deſtroy its pride of character; to render it patient of inſult, deaf to the calls of honour and of juſtice, and cauſe it to cling to peace, like the ſluggard to his pillow, at the expenſe of every valuable duty and conſideration. Such ſupineneſs enſures the very evil from which it ſhrinks. One right yielded up, produces the uſurpation of a ſecond; one encroachment paſſively ſuffered, makes way for another; and the nation that thus, through a doting love of peace, has ſacrificed honour and intereſt, will at length have to fight for exiſtence.

Let the diſaſtrous reign of William the Teſty ſerve as a ſalutary warning againſt that fitful, feveriſh mode of legiſlation, that acts without ſyſtem; depends on ſhifts and projects, and truſts to lucky contingencies; that heſitates, and wavers, and at length decides with the raſhneſs of ignorance and imbecility. That ſtoops for popularity by courting the prejudices and flattering the arrogance, rather than commanding the reſpect of the rabble. That ſeeks ſafety in a multitude of

counſellors, and diſtracts itſelf by a variety of contradictory ſchemes and opinions. That miſtakes procraſtination for deliberate warineſs—hurry for decision—ſtarveling parſimony, for wholeſome economy—buſtle for buſineſs, and vapouring for valour. That is violent in council—ſanguine in expectation—precipitate in action, and feeble in execution. That undertakes enterprizes without forethought—enters upon them without preparation—conducts them without energy, and ends them in confuſion and defeat.

Let the reign of the good Stuyveſant ſhow the effects of vigour and deciſion, even when deſtitute of cool judgment, and ſurrounded by perplexities. Let it ſhow how frankneſs, probity, and high ſouled courage will command reſpect, and ſecure honour, even where ſucceſs is unattainable. But, at the ſame time, let it caution againſt a too ready reliance on the good faith of others, and a too honeſt confidence in the loving profeſſions of powerful neighbours, who are moſt friendly when they moſt mean to betray. Let it teach a judicious attention to the opinions and wiſhes of the many, who, in times of peril muſt be ſoothed and led, or apprehenſion will overpower the deference to authority.

Let the empty wordineſs of his factious ſubjects; their intemperate harangues; their violent "reſolutions;" their hectorings againſt an abſent enemy, and their puſillanimity on his approach, teach us to diſtruſt and deſpiſe thoſe clamorous patriots, whoſe courage

dwells but in the tongue. Let them ſerve as a leſſon to repreſs that inſolence of ſpeech, deſtitute of real force, which too often breaks forth in popular bodies, and beſpeaks the vanity rather than the ſpirit of a nation. Let them caution us againſt vaunting too much of our own power and proweſs, and reviling a noble enemy. True gallantry of ſoul would always lead us to treat a foe with courteſy and proud punctilio; a contrary conduct but takes from the merit of victory and renders defeat doubly diſgraceful.

But I ceaſe to dwell on the ſtores of excellent example to be drawn from the ancient chronicles of the Manhattoes. He who reads attentively will diſcover the threads of gold, which run throughout the web of hiſtory, and are inviſible to the dull eye of ignorance. But before I conclude, let me point out a ſolemn warning, furniſhed in the ſubtle chain of events by which the capture of Fort Caſimir has produced the preſent convulſions of our Globe.

Attend then gentle reader to this plain deduction, which if thou art a king, an emperor, or other powerful potentate, I adviſe thee to treaſure up in thy heart—though little expectation have I that my work will fall into ſuch hands, for well I know the care of crafty miniſters, to keep all grave and edifying books of the kind out of the way of unhappy monarchs—leſt peradventure they ſhould read them and learn wiſdom.

By the treacherous ſurpriſal of Fort Caſimir, then did the crafty Swedes enjoy a tranſient triumph; but drew upon their heads the vengeance of Peter Stuyveſant, who wreſted all New-Sweden from their hands—By the conqueſt of New-Sweden Peter Stuyveſant aroufed the claims of Lord Baltimore; who appealed to the cabinet of Great Britain; who ſubdued the whole province of New-Netherlands—By this great achievement the whole extent of North America from Nova Scotia to the Floridas, was rendered one entire dependency upon the Britiſh crown—but mark the conſequence—The hitherto ſcattered colonies being thus conſolidated, and having no rival colonies to check or keep them in awe, waxed great and powerful, and finally becoming too ſtrong for the mother country, were enabled to ſhake off its bonds, and by a glorious revolution became an independent empire——But the chain of effects ſtopped not here; the ſucceſsful revolution in America produced the ſanguinary revolution in France, which produced the puiſſant Buonaparte who produced the French Deſpotiſm, which has thrown the whole world in confuſion!—Thus have theſe great powers been ſucceſſively puniſhed for their ill-ſtarred conqueſts—and thus, as I aſſerted, have all the preſent convulſions, revolutions, and diſaſters that overwhelm mankind, originated in the capture of the little Fort Caſimir, as recorded in the eventful hiſtory.

And now, worthy reader, ere I take a ſad farewell —which alas! muſt be forever—willingly would I part in cordial fellowſhip, and beſpeak thy kind hearted remembrance. That I have not written a better hiſtory of the days of the patriarchs is not my fault—had any other perſon written one as good, I ſhould not have attempted it at all—that many will hereafter ſpring up and ſurpaſs me in excellence, I have very little doubt, and ſtill leſs care; well knowing, that when the great Chriſtoralla Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once ſtood his egg upon its end, every one at table could ſtand his up a thouſand times more dextrouſly.—Should any reader find matter of offence in this hiſtory, I ſhould heartily grieve, though I would on no account queſtion his penetration by telling him he is miſtaken—his good nature by telling him he is captious—or his pure conſcience by telling him he is ſtartled at a ſhadow.—Surely if he is ſo ingenious in finding offence where none is intended, it were a thouſand pities he ſhould not be ſuffered to enjoy the benefit of his diſcovery.

I have too high an opinion of the underſtanding of my fellow citizens, to think of yielding them any inſtruction, and I covet too much their good will, to forfeit it by giving them good advice. I am none of thoſe cynics who deſpiſe the world, becauſe it deſpiſes them—on the contrary, though but low in its regard, I look up to it with the moſt perfect good nature,

and my only ſorrow is, that it does not prove itſ more worthy of the unbounded love I bear it.

If however in this my hiſtoric production—t ſcanty fruit of a long and laborious life—I have fail to gratify the dainty palate of the age, I can on lament my misfortune—for it is too late in the ſeaſ for me even to hope to repair it. Already has withe ing age ſhowered his ſterile ſnows upon my brov in a little while, and this genial warmth which ſt lingers around my heart, and throbs—worthy re der—throbs kindly towards thyſelf, will be chill forever. Haply this frail compound of duſt, whic while alive may have given birth to nought but u profitable weeds, may form a humble ſod of the va ley, from whence may ſpring many a ſweet wi flower, to adorn my beloved Iſland of Manna-hat

FINIS.